

ten during the night, when he bivouacked in the open plain, and the terror of the cattle and horses bore evidence of his approach; at dawn he would be seen winding slowly his way to the loftier summit of some neighbouring mountain. One might hear the thunder of his voice at miles distance, while every animal shook with fear.—A lion of huge dimensions passed the river, which at that season was low, and carried off a horse, the property of a neighboring boor. For some nights previous he had been heard in a hill close to the bank of a river, to which it was supposed he had again retreated on destroying his prey. The boors say that the flesh of the horse is highly prized by the palate of the lion, but perhaps it is because this animal is their own most valuable property. It was proposed to cross the river the following morning, and trace him to his den. With the few boors we could collect, and a party of our men, we mounted immediately after sunrise, and with a large number of dogs, proceeded to the mountain, every crevice and ravine of which we examined without finding him. Gorged with his late meal, he had, perhaps, we thought, remained in the thick cover on the steep bank of the river, to which we then returned, and in passing over a large plain, a spot of ground was pointed out to us by an eye witness, where he had been to seize and devour a quagga some days before. The hard and arid soil was actually hollowed by the violence of the mortal struggle. The dogs had scarcely entered the thick bushy banks of the river, ere they gave tongue, and they appeared to advance in the pursuit as if the lion was slowly retreating. At times it would seem that he turned and rushed upon the dogs. We however, could not dare to enter farther than the skirts of the jungle with a finger on the trigger and the carbine half at the present. One single clutch of his tremendous paw unquestionably would have been fatal.

For a considerable time the dogs remained silent, and we fancied we had irrecoverably lost him. With more and more confidence we examined the thicket, but without success, and were about giving up the pursuit in despair, when a Hottentot and boor observed his footsteps in the sand.

The word was again to horse. The lion's course appeared to be towards the mountain, which he had left. R—, with a party of boors and soldiers, galloped straight up the nearest declivity, while I, with a smaller number, rode round a projecting edge of the hill, into a deep ravine, to which he might have retreated. With my party I had been too late; he had been just brought to bay, as he was commencing his descent on the opposite declivity of the hill, but R—, delayed the attack until we should arrive to witness the encounter; meanwhile the dogs amused him. The ascent by which we could reach the summit was steep and rugged, but our horses were accustomed to such, and with whip and spur we urged them on. Whoever has seen the African lion at bay, would assuredly say the sportsman could never behold a more stirring scene in the chase. There he was seated on his hind-quarters, his eyes glaring on a swarm of curs yelping around him; his dark shaggy mane he shook around his gigantic

shoulders, or with his paw tossed in the air the nearest dog, more apparently in sport than anger. We arranged preliminaries. The horses were tied together, in a line, taking care to turn their heads from the direction where the lion was at bay, and likewise that they were to the windward of him, lest his very scent should scare them to flight. The retreat behind this living wall is the boor's last resource if he should advance upon them, that his indiscriminate fury may fall upon the horses. Some of the boors are excellent marksmen, and the Hottentot soldiers are far from being despicable; yet many a bullet was sent ere he was slain. Fired by the wounds he received, his claw was no longer harmless, one dog he almost tore to pieces, and two more were destroyed ere he fell. At each shot he rushed forward as if with the intent of singling out the man who fired, but his rage was always vented on the dogs, and he again retired to the station he had left. The ground appeared to be bathed with his blood. Every succeeding attempt to rush forward, displayed less vigour and fury, and at last, totally exhausted, he fell; but still the approach was dangerous.—In the last struggle of his expiring agony, he might have inflicted a mortal wound; cautiously approaching, he was shot through the heart; twelve wounds were counted on his head, body, and limbs. He was of the largest size, and allied in appearance to the species which the boors call the black lion. We claimed the skin and skull; the bushmen the carcase, which to them is a delicious morsel; and the boors were satisfied with knowing that he would commit no farther depredations on them.

On another occasion we roused two on the summit of a low stony hill. They were deliberately descending one side as we reached the top, and amid a shower of bullets, they quietly crossed a plain to ascend another. We followed, and they separated; we brought them to bay in succession and slew both. It appears to me from what I have seen and heard, that a lion, once wounded, will turn upon his pursuers, but I am of opinion that he seldom attacks man, generally shuns his vicinity, and that he has none of the reported partiality for human flesh. In the district I described, and of which a description was necessary to show that we encountered him upon fair and open ground, the various kinds of lion were originally very numerous. The boors enumerated three, the yellow, grey, and black. Their numbers were much diminished, principally, perhaps, from their retreating beyond Orange River, to an unoccupied country, although many also were destroyed by the boors. It has been said that the lion dwells in the plains. The African hunter almost always seek him in the mountains, occasionally one or two will not shun the encounter, if armed with their long and sure rifles, which on almost all occasions they carry.

One instance, and I have done. A party of officers a few years previous, along with some boors, discovered a lion, lioness, and two whelps, within a short distance of Heriuan's Craal on the frontiers. The lion dashed forward to protect his mate and young ones, and attempted to defend them by shielding them with his body,

until the officers, moved by his magnanimity of conduct, entreated that he might not be destroyed, but the Dutchmen were inexorable, and they killed him, the cube fled and the lioness followed, but all were found dead of their wounds the succeeding day.

The above anecdote was related to me by an officer who was an eye witness.

Moelmine Tennessee, 26th Dec. 1832.

Written for the Casket.
PETITION OF THE NERVES.

BY L. W. TRASK.

*To the human mind:—*The undersigned, member of the human system, and as such entitled to certain rights and privileges, beg leave to represent,—that they have ever entertained nothing but sentiments of the highest respect towards your highness. With pride and supreme delectation we have seen ignorance humbled in the dust—we have seen science rearing her banner towards the heavens, bearing this lofty inscription, "*Universal mental emancipation.*" We have seen this, and are proud to acknowledge, that this triumph has been achieved by the great and untiring exertions of the human mind. It would be an unworthy affectation to conceal, that your Highness is highly esteemed by us for your brilliant powers and services, and not only by us, but by an admiring world. Permit us then as your affectionate subjects, to approach your Highness, to come even to the throne of reason, for an effectual and timely redress of the wrongs with which we are afflicted. It is our station in the economy of nature, to be a medium of communication between the mind or [brain.] and the different organs of the system—and by a peculiar action, (which we are not at liberty to reveal,) to transmit from the different organs to the brain, the effects of causes on the several senses, or to carry from the brain to the different organs its wishes or suggestions. This being our office, it will easily be seen that the deep performance of our functions, is of great benefit and necessity to the system. We do not mention this to show our own importance—but for a very different purpose—to show the loss which the mind sustains in our impairment. It is a principle of our constitution, that violent stimulus abstracts our delicate sensibilities, by first raising our actions to an uncommon degree of power, and thus leaving us in consequent debility; disturbing the regularity of our actions—impairing the acute sensibility of our formation, and destroying the tender connexion of our mind with matter. Ardent spirits, is the violent stimulus of which we complain; this, the grievance for which we earnestly implore redress. Free, oh free us from the tyranny of *Ardent spirits!*—more poisonous than the Bohon Upas—more paralyzing than the Simom's blast—it sweeps over our department—blasting our acute and delicate sensibilities. By its accursed influence, rosy health is turned into disease—sensation into numbness—and genius into fatuity. It changes love into hatred—virtue into vice—riches into poverty—honesty into knavery—truth into lies, and *religion into infidelity!* Great arbiter, the Human Mind, deliver us from worse than Egyptian

bondage, sever the manacles that bind—break the chain of habit that surrounds us. Oh! as you regard virtue—as you detest vice—as you revere mental greatness,—as you fear falling from your present elevation,—free us from the curse which is laying waste the moral heritage. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray for your welfare. **THE NERVES.**

A SABBATH SCENE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Glad to man's heart comes Scotland's Sabbath morn
When every sound save Nature's voice is still—
Mute shepherd's song pipe—mute the harvest horn—
An holier tongue seems given to stream and hill.
Old men climb silent up the cottage hill,
There ruminate, and look sublime abroad—
Shake from their feet, as thought on thought comes still,
The dust of life's long, dark, and dreary road,
And from this gross earth rise, and give themselves to God.

The warning bell hath o'er the parish rung,
Grove, glade, and glen, sound with the solemn strain:

Wide at the summons every door is flung,
And forth devout walks many a hoary swain,
Their meek wives with them; while, a gayer train,
Their daughters come and gladden a' the road,
Of laughing eyes, ripe lips, long ringlets vain;
Young men, like lambs, upon Spring's sunny sod,
Come, light of foot and heart, to seek the house of God.

I loved much in my youth down dale and glen,
Upon the morn of the Lord's Day, to look;
For all the land pour'd forth its stately men,
Its matrons, with staid steps and holy book,
Where'er a cottage smok'd, or flowed a brook,
Or rose a hall, or tower'd a castle gray,
Youth left its joys, old age its care forsook,
Meek beauty grew, and look'd so sadly gay,
Nor at her shadow glanced as she went on her way.

Lo! see yon youth—clad as the season's clad
In homely green—he loves with aged men
To come conversing—bears sedately sad
Tales from their lips, which 'scaped historic pen,
And linger still in dale and pastoral glen.
O much they talk, upon their kirkward way,
Of holy martyrs, who, by flood and fen,
Fell 'neath the persecutor's sword a prey—
They point towards their graves, and seem in thought to pray.

And see yon maiden, beauteous as a beam,
Stray'd from the sun upon creation's morn;
Pure as the daylight in yon crystal stream
By which she walks—pure as the bladed corn
Begem'd with dew, and ripening to be sown—
Her looks the greensward lighten all, her feet
Seem winged things, and from the ground upborne—
Birds sing new songs such loveliness to greet—
She's lovely, and in love—which makes her doubly sweet.

I saw her in the church. Men's eyes forsook
The sacred page to gaze upon her there;
Young hearts with awe were for the first time struck,
And even the preacher in his parting prayer
Shut his grave eyes, and warn'd them to beware
Of beauty. 'Midst them like a star she shone,
Or a pure lily born in dewy air;
Or rose the moment of its opening—None
Could look on her, but wish'd to look on her alone.

Written for the Casket.

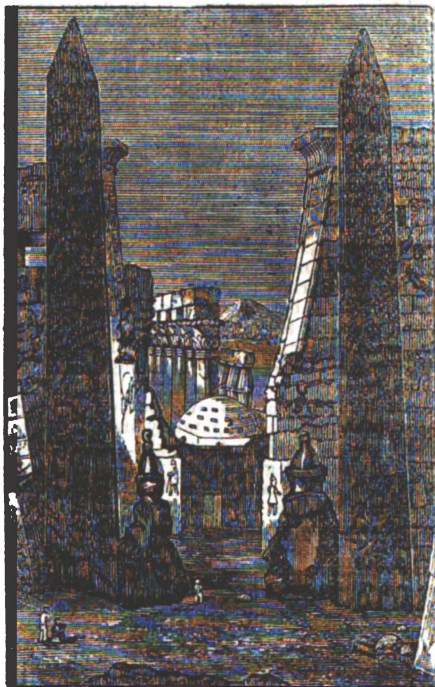
Reverses—A Fragment.

BY LYMAN WALBRIDGE TRASK.

Long ere the delightful shores of the American continent burst like a vision of unspeakable brightness upon the view of Europeans, empire had gained an elevation which enabled her to see nearly the ultimatum of earthly glory. But it was emphatically an empire of ignorance. The history of those times comprises more of the daring acts of chivalry—the cruelties and extortions of barbarous tribes, than surprising discoveries in the sciences or the arts. The art of navigation in particular, was so little understood, that, although London was founded 40 years before Christ, and some improvements made in sciences and arts, a vast continent extending almost from pole to pole, and embracing every variety of climate, remained undiscovered until 1492 of the Christian era. But as a consequence of a more enlightened form of society, and a better appreciation of the benefits which science can confer, some progress therein was made but it was trifling for several centuries. Greece was no longer a land of song and eloquence.—Rome in the tide of her successes, subjugated Greece, and became in her turn the nursery of ancient learning; and genius there raised on drooping science the light of his inspiring countenance. But Rome fell as Greece did, before her; and genius and science perished together beneath the ruins of empire. Then succeeded, as I said before, the dark age of papal supremacy, in which, though empire prospered, but little improvement was made in science. The papal supremacy faded also, and on the ruins of those dark ages has arisen the modern temple of science, the most lovely the world ever saw. Oh! may it be forever indestructible! In this renovation of scientific light, Europe and especially England, took a distinguished part. I rejoice that she did—I am glad that she produced men, whose genius and acquirements were universally admired, and who gave to science an importance and brilliancy, which will not soon be effaced. But her savage policy severed from her dominions a territory which will be her rival—a country rich in genius, and almost all the resources which nature can supply, and on which is based a republic of the most flourishing character. Increasing in almost unparalleled rapidity, and with a speedy development of her resources, our republic promises the full extent of fair anticipation. England, no doubt, has reached the height of her glory; her decline may be slow, but it will be certain. And while the contemplation of the future inspires us with pleasing emotions, we may possibly forget some of the injuries that Europe and England has inflicted on us; for the sake of the support they have given to science. Sure of great political distinction—Sure of immense wealth and magnificence, it must afford pleasure to every mind, to view the exertions of our countrymen, the genius of our literary institutions, and the freedom of our laws. But let us remember that knowledge is the foundation and sure support of a free government like ours, without which it cannot exist, and must fall into

dissemination. Americans! let knowledge and science receive your fostering encouragement—let them be ever near your hearts—for they alone can preserve that LIBERTY purchased with blood! Without Knowledge, we should soon decline!

THEBES.



All travellers agree that it is impossible to describe the effect produced by the colossal remains of this ancient capital. No knowledge of antiquity, no long cherished associations, no searching after something to admire, is necessary here. The wonders of Thebes rise before the astonished spectator like the creations of some superior power. "It appeared to me," says Belzoni, "like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence." Denon's description of the first view of Thebes by the French army, which he accompanied in the expedition into Upper Egypt, is singularly characteristic. "On turning the point of a chain of mountains which forms a kind of promontory, we saw all at once ancient Thebes in its full extent—that Thebes whose magnitude has been pictured to us by a single word in Homer, *hundred-gated*, a poetical and unmeaning expression which has been so confidently repeated ever since. This city, described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus* by Egyptian priests, which

* Herodotus has given no description of Thebes. Denon several times quotes Herodotus for what is not in that author.

succeeding authors have copied—renowned for numerous kings, who, through their wisdom, have been elevated to the rank of gods; for laws which have been revered without being known; for sciences which have been confided to proud and mysterious inscriptions, wise and earliest monuments of the arts which time has respected; this sanctuary, abandoned, isolated through barbarism, and surrendered to the desert from which it was won; this city, shrouded in the veil of mystery by which even colossi are magnified; this remote city, which imagination has only caught a glimpse of through the darkness of time—was still so gigantic an apparition, that, at the sight of its scattered ruins, the army halted of its own accord, and the soldiers, with one spontaneous movement, clapped their hands."

Thebes lay on each side of the Nile, and extended also on both sides as far as the mountains. The tombs which are on the western side reach even into the limits of the desert. Four principal villages stand on the site of this ancient city, Luxor and Carnak on the eastern, Gournou and Medinet-Abou on the western side. The temple of Luxor is very near the river, and there is here a good ancient jettée, well built of bricks. The entrance to this temple is through a magnificent gateway, facing the north, 200 feet in front, and 57 feet high above the present level of the soil. Before the gateway stand the two most perfect obelisks that exist, formed, as usual, of the red granite of Syene, and each about 80 feet high, and from 8 to 10 feet wide at the base. Between these obelisks and the gateway are two colossal statues, also of red granite; from the difference of the dresses it is judged that one was a male, the other a female, figure;—they are nearly of equal sizes. Though buried in the ground to the chest, they measure 21 and 22 feet from thence to the top of the mitre.

It is this gateway that is filled with those remarkable sculptures, which represent the triumph of some ancient monarch of Egypt over an Asiatic enemy, and which we find repeated, both on other monuments of Thebes, and partly also on some of the monuments of Nubia, as, for example, at Ipsambul. This event appears to have formed an epoch in Egyptian history, and to have furnished materials both for the historian and the sculptor, like the war of Troy to the Grecian poet. The whole length of this temple is about 800 feet.

The remains of Carnak, about one mile and a quarter lower down the river, are still more wonderful than Luxor. An irregular avenue of sphinxes, considerably more than a mile in length (about 6560 feet) connected the northern entrance of the temple of Luxor with it; but this was only one of several proud approaches to perhaps the largest assemblage of buildings that ever was erected. The irregularities in the structure and approaches of this building show that the various parts of it were raised at different periods. Some parts, both of this temple and of the larger building at Carnak (sometimes called a palace), have been constructed out of the materials of earlier buildings, as we see from blocks of stone being occasionally placed with inverted hieroglyphics. It is impossible, without good drawings and very long descriptions,

to give any thing like an adequate idea of the enormous remains of Carnak, among which we find a hall whose roof of flat stones is sustained by more than 130 pillars, some 26 feet, and others as much as 34 feet, in circumference.

The remains on the western side of the river are, perhaps, more interesting than those on the east.

That nearly all the monuments of Thebes belong to a period anterior to the Persian conquest, *a. c.* 525, and that, among them we must look for the oldest and most genuine specimens of Egyptian art, is clear, both from the character of its monuments themselves and from historical records; nor is this conviction weakened by finding the name of Alexander twice on part of the buildings at Carnak, which will prove no more than that a chamber might have been added to the temple and inscribed with his name; or that it was not unusual for the priests to flatter conquerors or conquerors' deputies, by carrying on stone the name of their new master.

THE SKY-LARK.

Whither away, companion of the sun,
So high this laughing morn? are those soft clouds
Of floating silver, which appear to shun
Day's golden eye, thy home? or why 'mid shrouds
Of loosen'd light, dost thou pour forth thy song?
Descend, sun-loving bird? nor try thy strength thus long.

Ambitious songster! soaring merrily,
Thy wings keep time to thy rich music's flow,
Rolling along the clouds celestially,
And echoing o'er the hill's oak-waving brow;
Across the flood, whose face reflects the sky,
And thee, a warbling speck deep-mirror'd from on high.

And thou hast vanished singing from my sight—
So must this earth be lost to eyes of thine;
Around thee is illimitable light—
Thou lookest down, and all appears to shine
Bright as above; thine is a glorious way,
Pavilion'd all around with golden-spreading day!

The broad unbounded sky is all thine own,
The silver-sheeted heavens thy free domain;
No land-mark there—no hand to bring thee down,
Sole monarch of the blue ethereal plain;
To thee is airy space far-stretching given,
Broad and unmeasured as the boundless vault of heav'n!

And thou art gone, perchance to catch the sound
Of angel voices heard far up the sky;
And wilt return harmonious to the ground,
Then with new music, taught by those on high,
Ascend again, and carol o'er the bowers
Of woodbines waving sweet, and wild bee-bended flowers.

Lo!—thou to sing alone, above the dews?
Leaving the nightingale to cheer the night,
When rides the moon, chasing the shadowy lucas
From hither vale, far stretched in silent night;
She veils her head, while thou art with the sun,
Looking beneath on hills, and woods, where deep streams run.

Lute of the sky, farewell! 'till I again
Climb these cloud-gazing hills, thou must not come
To where I dwell, nor pour thy heav'n-caught strain
Above the eurling of my smoky home;
Others may hear thee, see thee, yet not steal
That joy from thy glad song, which it is mine to feel.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The New York Albion furnishes extracts from the adventures of Jacob Faithful, by the author of Peter Simple. They notice Jacob's first love incidents, and possess extraordinary interest. We copy that part relating to Stapleton's daughter, who seems to have made a deep impression on Faithful's susceptible heart.—Stapleton was a fisherman, reported to be deaf, to whom the hero of the tale was apprenticed.

Stapleton had lost his wife, but he had a daughter, fifteen years old, who kept his lodgings, and *did for him*, as he termed it. He lived in part of some buildings leased by a boat-builder, his windows looking out on the river; and on the first floor a bay window thrown out, so that at high water the river ran under it. As for the rooms, consisting of five, I can only say, that they could not be spoken of as large and small, but as small and smaller. The sitting-room was eight feet square, the two bed rooms at the back, for himself and his daughter, just held a small bed each, and the kitchen, and my room below, were to match; neither were the tenements in the very best repair, the parlour especially, hanging over the river, being lopsided, and giving you the uncomfortable idea that it would every minute fall into the stream below. Still the builder declared that it would last many years without sinking further, and that was sufficient. At all events, they were very respectable accommodations for a waterman, and Stapleton paid £10 per annum. Stapleton's daughter was certainly a very well favoured girl. She had rather a large mouth, but her teeth were very fine, and beautifully white. Her hair was auburn—her complexion very fair; her eyes were large, and of a deep blue, and from her figure, which was very good, I should have supposed her to have been eighteen, although she was not past fifteen, as I found out afterwards. There was a frankness and honesty of countenance about her, and an intellectual smile which was very agreeable.

"Well, Mary, how do you get on?" said Stapleton, as we ascended to the sitting-room. "Here's young Faithful come to take up with us."

"Well, father, his bed's all ready; and I have taken so much dirt from the room, that I expect we shall be indicted for filling up the river. I wonder what nasty people lived in this house before us."

"Very nice rooms, nevertheless; an't they boy?"

"O yes, very nice for idle people; you may amuse yourself looking out on the river, or watching what floats by, or fishing with a pin at high water," replied Mary, looking at me.

"I like the river," replied I, gravely; "I was born on it, and hope to get my bread on it."

"And I like this sitting-room," rejoined Stapleton; "how mighty comfortable it will be to sit at the open window, and smoke in the summer time, with one's jacket off!"

"At all events, you'll have no excuse for dirtying the room, father; and as for the lad, I suppose his smoking days have not come yet."

"No," replied I, "but my days for taking off my jacket are, I suspect."

"O yes," replied she, "never fear that: father will let you do all the work you please, and look on—won't you, father?"

"Don't let your tongue run quite so fast, Mary; you're not over fond of work yourself."

"No; there's only one thing I dislike more," replied she, "and that's holding my tongue."

"Well, I shall leave you and Jacob to make it out together; I am going back to the Featherers." And old Stapleton walked down stairs, and went back to the inn, saying, as he went out, that he should be back to his dinner.

Mary continued her employment, of wiping the fur-

niture of the room with a duster for several minutes, during which I did not speak, but watched the floating ice on the river. "Well," said Mary, "do you always talk as you do now? if so, you'll be a very nice companion. Mr. Turnbull, who came to my father, told me that you was a sharp fellow, could read, write and do every thing, and that I should like you very much; but if you mean to keep it all to yourself, you might as well not have had it."

"I am ready to talk when I have any thing to talk about," replied I.

"That's not enough. I'm ready to talk about nothing, and you must do the same."

"Very well," replied I. "How old are you?"

"How old am I! O then you consider me nothing. I'll try hard but you shall alter your opinion, my fine fellow. However, to answer your question, I believe I'm about fifteen."

"Not more! well, there's an old proverb, which I will not repeat."

"I know it, so you may save yourself the trouble, you saucy boy; but now, for your age?"

"Mine! let me see; well, I believe that I am nearly seventeen."

"Are you really so old! well, now, I should have thought you no more than fourteen."

This answer at first surprised me, as I was very stout and tall of my age; but a moment's reflection told me, that it was given to annoy me. A lad is as much vexed at being supposed younger than he really is, as a man of a certain age is annoyed at being taken for so older. "Pooh! replied I; "that shows how little you know about men."

"I wasn't talking about men, that I know of; but still, I do know something about them. I've had two sweethearts already."

"Indeed! and what have you done with them?"

"Done with them! I jilted the first for the second, because the second was better looking; and when Mr. Turnbull told me so much about you, I jilted the second to make room for you; but now, I mean to try if I can't get him back again."

"With all my heart," replied I laughing. "I shall prove but a sorry sweet-heart, for I never made love in my life."

"Have you ever had any body to make love to?"

"No."

"That's the reason, Mr. Jacob, depend upon it. All you have to do, is to swear that I'm the prettiest girl in the world, that you like me better than any body else in the world; do any thing in the world that I wish you to do—spend all the money you have in the world in buying me ribbons and fairings, and then—"

"And then what?"

"Why, then I shall hear all you have to say, take all you have to give, and laugh at you in the bargain."

"But I shouldn't stand that long."

"O yes you would. I'd put you out of humour, and coax you in again; the fact is, Jacob Faithful, I made up my mind before I saw you, that you should be my sweetheart, and when I will have a thing I will, so you may as well submit to it at once; if you don't, as I keep the key of the cupboard, I'll half starve you; that's the way to tame any brute, they say. And I tell you why, Jacob, I mean that you shall be my sweetheart, it's because Mr. Turnbull told me that you knew Latin; now tell me, what is Latin?"

"Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not."

"Well, then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that's agreed."

"And how do you mean to answer me?"

"O, in plain English, to be sure."

"But how are you to understand me?" replied I, much amused with the conversation.

"O, if you make love properly, I shall soon under-

stand you; I shall read the English of it in your eyes."

"Very well, I've no objection; when am I to begin?"

"Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure. What a question."

I went close up to Mary, and repeating a few words of Latin—"Now," says I, "look in my eyes, and see if you can translate them."

"Something impudent, I'm sure," replied she, fixing her blue eyes on mine.

"Not at all," replied I; "I only asked for this," and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes.

"Nay," replied I, "that's not fair; I did as you desired—I made love in Latin."

"And I answered you, as I said I would, in plain English," replied Mary, reddening up to the forehead, but directly after bursting out into a loud laugh.

"Now, Mr. Jacob, I plainly see that you know nothing about making love. Why, bless me, a year's dangling, and a year's pocket-money, should not have given you what you have had the impudence to take in so many minutes. But it was my own fault, that's certain, and I have no one to thank but myself. I hope I didn't hurt you—I'm very sorry if I did; but no more making love in Latin, I've had quite enough of that."

"Well, then suppose we make friends," replied I holding out my hand.

"That's what I really wished to do; although I've been talking so much nonsense," replied Mary. "I know we shall like one another, and be very good friends. You can't help feeling kind towards a girl you've kissed; and I shall try by kindness to make up to you for the box on the ear; so now sit down, and let's have a long talk. Mr. Turnbull told us that he wished you to serve out your apprenticeship on the river, with my father, so that if you agree, we shall be a long while together. I take Mr. Turnbull's word, not that I can find it out yet, that you are a very good tempered, good-looking, clever, modest lad; and as my apprenticeship who remains with my father must live with us, of course I had rather it should be one of that sort, than some ugly awkward brute who—"

"Is not fit to make love to you," replied I.

"Who is not fit company for me," replied Mary. "I want no more love from you at present. The fact is, that father spends all the time he can spare from the wherry, at the alehouse, smoking, and it's very dull for me, and having nothing to do, I look out of the window, and make faces at the young men as they pass by, just to amuse myself. Now there was no great harm in that a year or two ago; but now, you know Jacob

"Well, now—what then?"

"O, I'm bigger, that's all; and what might be called sauciness in a girl, may be thought something more of a young woman. So I've been obliged to leave it off; but being obliged to remain at home, with nobody to talk to, I never was so glad as when I heard that you were to come; so you see, Jacob, we must be friends. I daren't quarrel with you long, although I shall sometimes, just for variety, and to have the pleasure of making it up again. Do you hear me—or what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that you are a very odd girl."

"I dare say that I am, but how can I help that? Mother died when I was five years old, and father couldn't afford to put me out, so he used to lock me in all day, till he came home from the river; and it was not till I was seven years old, and of some use, that the door was left open. I never shall forget the day when he told me that in future he should trust me, and leave the door open. I thought I was quite a woman, and have thought so ever since. I recollect, that I

often peeped out and longed to run about the world, but I went two or three yards from the door, and so frightened, that I ran back as fast I could. Since that I have seldom quitted the house for an hour, and never have been out of Fulham."

"Then you have never been at school?"

"O no—never. I often wish that I had. I used to see the little girls coming home as they passed our door, so merry, with their bags from the school-house; and I'm sure, if it were only to have the pleasure of going there and back again for the sake of the run, I would have worked hard, if for nothing else."

"Would you like to learn to read and write?"

"Will you teach me?" replied Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking me earnestly in the face.

"Yes, I will, with pleasure," replied I, laughing. "We will pass the evening better than making love, after all, especially if you hit so hard. How came you so knowing in those matters."

"I don't know," replied Mary, smiling; I suppose, as father says, it's human nature, for I never learnt any thing; but you will teach me to read and write?"

"I will teach you all I know myself, Mary, if you wish to learn. Every thing but Latin—we've had enough of that."

"Oh! I shall be so much obliged to you. I shall love you so!"

"There you are again."

"No, no, I didn't mean that," replied Mary, earnestly. "I meant that—after all, I don't know what else to say. 'I mean that I shall love you for your kindness, without your loving me again, that's it'."

"I understand you; but now, Mary, as we are to be such good friends it is necessary that your father and I should be good friends; so I must ask you what sort of a person he is, for I know little of him, and of course wish to oblige him."

"Well, then, to prove to you that I am sincere, I will tell you something. My father, in the first place, is a very good tempered sort of man. He works pretty well, but might gain more, but he likes to smoke at the public houses. All he requires of me is his dinner ready, his linen clean, and the house tidy. He never drinks too much, and is always civil spoken; but he leaves me too much alone, and talks too much about human nature, that's all."

"But he's so deaf—he can't talk to you."

"Give me your hand—now promise—for I'm going to do a very foolish thing, which is to trust a man—promise you'll never tell it again."

"Well, I promise," replied I; supposing her secret of no consequence.

"Well, then—mind—you've promised. Father is no more deaf than you or I."

"Indeed!" replied I; "why he goes by the name of Deaf Stapleton."

"I know he does, and makes every body believe that he is so; but it is to make money."

"How can he make money by that?"

"There's many people in business who go down the river, and they wish to talk of their affairs without being overheard as they go down. They always call for Deaf Stapleton; and there's many a gentleman and lady, who have much to say to each other, without wishing people to listen—you understand me?"

"O yes, I understand—Latin!"

"Exactly—and they call for Deaf Stapleton; and by this means he gets more good fares than any other waterman, and does less work."

"But how will he manage now that I am with him?"

"O, I suppose it will depend upon his customers: if a single person wants to go down, you will take the sculls; if they call for oars, you will both go; if he considers that Deaf Stapleton only is wanted, you will remain on shore; or, perhaps, he will insist on your being deaf too."

"But I do not like deceit."

"No, it's not right; although it appears to me that this is a great deal of it. Still I should like you to sham deaf, and then tell me all the people have to say. It would be so funny. Father will never tell a word."

"So far, your father, to a certain degree, excuses himself."

"Well, I think he will soon tell you what I have now told you, but till then you must keep your promise; and now you must do as you please, as I must go down in the kitchen, and get dinner on the fire."

"I have nothing to do," replied I; "can I help you?"

"To be sure you can, and talk to me, which is better still. Come down and wash the potatoes for me, and then I'll find you some more work. Well, I do think we shall be very happy."

I followed Mary Stapleton down into the kitchen; and we were soon very busy and very noisy, laughing, talking, blowing the fire, and preparing the dinner. By the time that her father came home, we were sworn friends.

VOYAGE ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

In a late number of the Military and Naval Magazine, we find an interesting and well written article under this title. We should be pleased to transfer the whole to our columns, but have only room for the following, in which the reader will be introduced to a character by no means rare in the western country. The date of the excursion on the Upper Mississippi, is June, 1833.

As the steamer was passing a small "white settlement" at the Red Banks of Illinois, a "Sucker," as the frontier inhabitants of Missouri term their neighbors of the opposite State, appeared upon the bank, and with violent gesticulation begged to be taken on board. A boat was sent for him, and as he reached the deck of the vessel, he thus accosted her commander: "I say Captain, seeing I ha'n't no plunder (i. e. baggage) along, I reckon you thinks you wont make no great haul in me; but I've got the pewter about me, and the way it's easy for me to pay my passage is no man's business. But stranger, lets have a horn of your *bold face*, if you've got the article aboard." "You will find what you want at the bar," replied the Captain, and thither the Sucker proceeded. The whiskey bottle having been set before him, he poured out what is frontier phrase is termed "a buok load." Measuring the quantity with an experienced eye, ere he replaced the bottle on the counter, he remarked with the knowing cut of the eye, "rather a heavy charge, stranger," and with great deliberation was about to return the excess, when changing his mind suddenly, he exclaimed, "d—nne, it's only a relative drink, any how," and so saying, tossed off the glass undiluted. Having paid his expence, he returned to the forward deck.

"Captain," said he, addressing him, with the familiarity of a seven years' acquaintance, "the way that them there Sack rascals know how to come over a fellow, is a caution, I tell you. The devils is abroad now, and use about in open ground and they think to have their own fun; but wait till old Whitesides comes up with his battalion of spies, and the way that you'll see them break for tall timber is a sin to Moses." "Have the Sack commenced hostilities?" inquired the Captain. "They wont fire the first gun," answered the Sucker, "but there's mischief working among them. I fell in with a camp, t'other day at the rapids; they came mighty near laying us out cold as a wagon-tire; but the way I come Charley over 'em is no man's business." The Sucker then commenced his story, but as it would probably be scarcely intelligible to any but a frontier man repeated in the dialect in which it was told, we

shall relate it in our own words. It appeared from his account that a few evenings previous, two keel-boats laden with merchandise, and bound to Galena, had hauled up for the night at a convenient spot some miles above the French-Indian, or Indian-French settlement at the *Des Moines Rapids*. While the crew of these boats were on shore preparing their evening meal, a party of Indians, professedly friendly, and averring to belong to Keokuk's division of the Sacs and Foxes, loitered round their fires, and with the unconquerable pertinacity peculiar to their race, pushed their inquiries in such a variety of shapes that they at length gathered from the answers of their less subtle white brethren, the information they were so desirous to obtain—that the boats contained amongst other articles a quantity of red cloths, powder, whiskey, &c., belonging to the traders who reside with their old enemies the Sioux. When they had satisfied themselves on this point, they begged a bottle or two of whiskey of their "very good friends," and retired to their own camp to drink it.

As soon as they disappeared one of the boatmen, who for many years had enjoyed the advantages of a friendly intercourse with the Indians on the Upper Mississippi, expressed to his companions his fears that all was not right. "These men," said he, "are evidently Sacs; but so far from believing them to be of Keokuk's party, I shrewdly suspect they belong to the British Band, under Black Hawk." Hereupon a council of war was held and it being thought advisable to watch the motions of their late visitors, the speaker volunteered his services. As soon therefore as their own supper was finished and they supposed the "fire water" had begun to do its office with their neighbors, the Sucker, (for it was the same to whom we have already given the appellation common to the people of Illinois,) departed for the purpose of reconnoitring their camp. He found the Red Men already under the influence of the liquor they had drunk, and cautiously crawling towards the fire, the first words that saluted his ear, for he perfectly understood their language, convinced him that his suspicions were but too well founded. The Sacs were five in number, and one of them, apparently a brave of some distinction, was addressing his comrades to this effect, "My brothers," said he, "the storm which has long been gathering in the South, is rolling on in heavy clouds which will soon burst over our heads; the braves of the pale faces are at this moment preparing to surround our towns; even now their watch fires illuminate the forests of our ancestors, their great guns are pointed, their long knives are bared, and they only wait the arrival of their horsemen to force us from the homes, the fair fields and the graves of our forefathers." He paused, and his hearers hung their heads in silence and melancholy dejection. "You see before you," he continued, "the canoes of the pale faces filled with presents for our enemies the Sioux, who, fourteen moons past, under the pretence of offering the pipe of friendship to our tribe, faithlessly attacked our unarmed chiefs, and immolated to the Evil Spirit, whom they serve, eleven of the noblest warriors of our nation. Answer me, my brothers! Shall the treasures of the pale faces reach their destination?" As the speaker concluded, the Sacs simultaneously sprang upon their feet, and a long and thrilling war-whoop was their answer to his question.

Their fierce looks and violent gestures too plainly indicated their purpose to require interpretation; yet the alarmed Sucker maintained his position in breathless anxiety to learn their plan of attack. When the excitement of the moment was over, the Sacs again seated themselves in council. It was decided that one of the party should immediately set out to collect a sufficient force to insure success, and in the mean time, the others were to hover round the boats as they slowly ascended the river, and observe their motions

until they reached a certain point, where a strong war party was to await their coming. The plan of operations being arranged, the leader raised the bottle from the ground, scanned its contents with an eagle glance as he held it to the fire-light, then carried it to his mouth. The scout did not wait to see the flask make its round but hurried to his friends with an account of what he had seen and heard. The boatmen were dumfounded by this intelligence, and were divided in their opinions as to the course to be pursued.

"We treble 'em in numbers, it is true," said the Sucker, "but without arms we cannot attack them. Sacs with a certainty that some on 'em won't escape, and raise all wrath agin us, and at any rate the runner, who has already started, will bring a pack of Red skins upon our track, that'll dog us till we get out of the settlement, and then the way they'll be down upon us is a caution." When the Sucker had delivered himself to his purpose, some of the party were in favor of proceeding on their voyage at once, and making the most of their time, others more timid, were for returning to the settlement. But the Sucker assured them they were in no immediate danger, and that they had nothing to fear before they reached the point designated by the Indians—some distance beyond the Red Banks—unless they should awaken the suspicions of the savages by a precipitate movement. He advised them to pursue their course as if nothing had happened, until they arrived at this settlement, where they might remain in safety until a convoy could be obtained from Fort Armstrong. At the same time he volunteered his services as a runner, and promised to meet them at the appointed place, with a sufficient guard to insure their safety. It was resolved to follow his advice, and the boats having been hauled out from the bank, and sentinels posted on deck, the crews went below to seek that repose which a hard day's cordelling had prepared them to enjoy. At day-light the Sucker was on his way to Fort Armstrong, and having slept at the Red Banks the night before he was introduced to the reader's acquaintance, he was about to resume his journey when the steamboat hove in sight, and was taken on board in the manner related. The weather was charming, and the boat continued her course without interruption. That night, about the middle of the second watch, several of the passengers, unable to sleep, were loitering upon the deck. Nature was at rest, and no sound was heard but the deep intonation of the stream, and the quick, incessant splashing of the boat's wheels. The moon was at the full, and the night beautiful; the silent prairies on the left, smiling in the soft moonlight, were finely contrasted with the dark and frowning woodland that overhung and shaded the waters on the right. The air was redolent of the rich tribute of unnumbered prairie flowers, and Love and Poetry, as they accepted the offering, pronounced the hour to be their own. The silence was broken by the pilot calling to the captain. He had discovered near the right bank, at some distance ahead, a canoe apparently adrift and floating with the stream; but suspecting it contained some Red skins, he asked if he should steer for it. He was directed to do so, and the steamboat immediately changed her course and began to plough the waves in the direction of an object, which gliding along in the shade of the woody bank, would, to an inexperienced eye, have passed for one of the numerous pieces of floating timber which are, at this season, borne seaward on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. It was as the pilot had anticipated; and as the boat approached the object the prominent prow of the canoe was discernible, but still no human form was visible. The courage of the midnight wanderers was constant, and firm to their purpose they lay perfectly concealed until another revolution of the wheels would have brought the steamboat upon them, and buried them with their ca-

nos in the turmoil of waters that whirled and parted beneath her angry prow. Then, as it were by magic, five dark forms simultaneously appeared above the low sides of the hollowed trunk, and one simultaneous sweep of five light paddles, whirled the canoe like an arrow to the shore, where they sprang upon the rocks and leaving their trail bare to the guidance of the current, disappeared in the thicket. As the steamboat was running close to the shore, she passed within a few yards of the spot, as the bushes closed upon the last of their dark figures. The next morning the pilot pointed out the mouths of Rock river, since become noted in Indian story, as the ancient haunts of the ruthless band of the celebrated Black Hawk. This river pours its tribute into the channel of the great father of waters, between deep flats, covered with an impervious growth of brushwood, above which the tall oaks wave their arms with a wild air of sovereignty. As the boat moved on, a glimpse was had of the Sac village, situated about two miles up the stream, and at that time the quiet abode of the fated tribe. Soon after, however, the attention of all was called to Fort Armstrong; and Horse Island, in other days the field of deadly strife, together with many minor objects of curiosity were passed with a transient notice. There, in open view, upon the southern iron-boned promontory of Rock Island, stood the proud little fort, with her red striped flag gallantly floating in the morning breeze. At that distance the fort had precisely the appearance of an ancient feudal castle, and at the water's edge a deep fissure in the precipitous rock, upon the very edge of which, the southern face of the fort stands, might easily have been mistaken for a subterranean sally-port, or an entrance to the donjon keep. While the three blockhouses that flanked the interior faces of the work looked not unlike the flanking towers of other ages. The boat came to just above the fort, when the plain of the island was discovered to be white with tents. A strong force of United States' troops had already been concentrated at this point, and the General commanding, only waited the arrival of a brigade of mounted militia from the State of Illinois, to move the Sacs to their destined lands on the west side of the river; for sound policy required that this measure should be deferred until he had a sufficient mounted force to protect the whole frontier.

The Indians had already assembled in council, and had boldly denied that they had ever authorized a sale of their lands, and as resolutely declared their determination never to leave them. They had been told, however, that the time had now arrived when it was absolutely necessary they should move; that the rapid advance of the settlement, now brought the whites and their red friends into constant collision, and that the peace of the frontier having been repeatedly interrupted of late, they could no longer be permitted to remain upon the government lands. But still they had not consented to give up the lands which they professed to consider their own. Another council had been called, at which they were to give their final answer; and just as the boat arrived, the Indians were seen landing on the opposite side of the island, for the purpose of attending this meeting.

Where the love of the people is assured, the designs of the seditious are thwarted.—*Bias*.

A good prince is not the object of fear.—*Diogenes*.

A prince ought to be aware not only of his enemies, but his flattering friends.—*Diogenes*.

Laws are not made for the good.—*Socrates*.

Go slowly to the entertainment of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.



Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.



The Rialto, at Venice.

MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The principal church in Constantinople, which was dedicated by the founder of St. Sophia, to the eternal wisdom, had been twice destroyed by fire, when its renewal was undertaken by Justinian. Anthemius formed the design, and his genius directed the hands of ten thousand workmen, whose payment in pieces of fine silver was never delayed beyond the evening. The emperor himself, clad in a linen tunic, surveyed each day their rapid progress, and encouraged their diligence by his familiarity, his zeal, and his rewards. The new cathedral of St. Sophia was consecrated by the patriarch, five years, eleven months, and ten days from the first foundation; and in the midst of the solemn festival, Justinian exclaimed, with devout vanity, 'Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work; I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!' But the pride of the Roman Solomon, before twenty years had elapsed, was humbled by an earthquake, which overthrew the eastern part of the dome. Its splendour was again restored by the perseverance of the same prince; and in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, Justinian celebrated the second dedication of a temple, which remains, after twelve centuries, a stately monument of his fame. The architecture of St. Sophia, which is now converted into the principal mosque, has been imitated by the Turkish sultans; and that venerable pile continues to excite the fond admiration of the Greeks, and the more rational curiosity of European travellers. The eye of the spectator is disappointed by an irregular prospect of half-domes and shelving roofs; the western front, the principal approach, is destitute of simplicity and magnificence; and the scale of dimensions has been much surpassed by several of the *Latin cathedrals*. But the architect who first projected an aerial cupola, is entitled to the praise of bold design and skilful execution. The dome of St. Sophia, illuminated by four-and-twenty windows, is formed with so small a curve, that its depth is equal only to one-sixth of its diameter; the measure of that diameter is one hundred and fifteen feet, and the lofty centre, where a crescent has supplanted the cross, rises to the perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty feet above the pavement. The circle which encompasses the dome, lightly reposes on four strong arches, and their weight is firmly supported by four massy piles, whose strength is assisted on the northern and southern sides by four columns of Egyptian granite. A Greek cross, described in a quadrangle, represents the form of the edifice; the exact breadth is two hundred and forty-three feet, and two hundred and sixty-nine may be assigned for the extreme length from the sanctuary in the east to the nine western doors which open into the vestibule, and from thence into the *narthex*, or exterior portico. That portico was the humble station of the penitents. The nave, or body of the church, was filled by the congregation of the faithful; but the two sexes were prudently distinguished, and the upper and lower galleries were allotted for the more private devotion of the women. Beyond the northern and southern piles, a bal-

ustrade, terminated on either side by the thrones of the emperor and the patriarch, divided the nave from the choir; and the space, as far as the steps of the altar, was occupied by the clergy and singers. The altar itself, a name which insensibly became familiar to Christian ears, was placed in the eastern recess, artificially built in the form of a demi-cylinder; and this sanctuary communicated by several doors with the sacristy, the vestry, the baptistery, and the contiguous buildings, subservient either to the pomp of worship, or the private use of the ecclesiastical ministers. The memory of past calamities inspired Justinian with a wise resolution, that no wood, except for the doors, should be admitted into the new edifice; and the choice of the materials was applied to the strength, the lightness, or the splendour of the respective parts. The solid piles which sustained the cupola were composed of huge blocks of freestone, hewn into squares and triangles, fortified by circles of iron, and firmly cemented by the infusion of lead and quicklime; but the weight of the cupola was diminished by the levity of its substance, which consists either of pumice-stone that floats in the water, or of bricks from the Isle of Rhodes, five times less ponderous than the ordinary sort. The whole frame of the edifice was constructed of brick; but those base materials were concealed by a crust of marble; and the inside of St. Sophia, the cupola, the two larger and the six smaller semidomes, the walls, the hundred columns, and the pavement, delight even the eyes of barbarians, with a rich and variegated picture.

"A variety of ornaments and figures was curiously expressed in mosaic; and the images of Christ, of the Virgin, of saints, and of angels, which have been defaced by Turkish fanaticism, were dangerously exposed to the superstition of the Greeks. According to the sanctity of each object, the precious metals were distributed in thin leaves or in solid masses. The balustrade of the choir, the capitals of the pillars, the ornaments of the doors and galleries, were of gilt bronze; the spectator was dazzled by the glittering aspect of the cupola; the sanctuary contained forty thousand pounds weight of silver; and the holy vases and vestments of the altar were of the purest gold, enriched with inestimable gems. Before the structure of the church had risen two cubits above the ground, forty-five thousand two hundred pounds were already consumed; and the whole expense amounted to three hundred and twenty thousand: each reader, according to the measure of his belief, may estimate their value either in gold or silver; but the sum of one million sterling is the result of the lowest computation. A magnificent temple is a laudable monument of national taste and religion; and the enthusiast who entered the dome of St. Sophia, might be tempted to suppose that it was the residence, or even the workmanship, of the Deity. Yet, how dull is the artifice, how insignificant is the labour, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls upon the surface of the temple!"

When, in 1453, Constantinople was taken by Mahomet the Second, and the Turks rushed

into the devoted city, the terrified inhabitants, "from every part of the capital, flowed into the church of St. Sophia. In the space of one hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins." The fame of St. Sophia was violated, as well as that of every other temple in which the wretched Greeks sought a momentary security: they were dragged from the sacred domes and the altars to the slave-market, and from every place where they had sought refuge within the walls, to become the victims of the passions, the cupidity, and the power of their conquerors.

"The profanation of the plunder of the monasteries and churches excited the most tragic complaints. The dome of St. Sophia itself, the earthly heaven, the second firmament, the vehicle of the cherubim, the throne of the glory of God, was despoiled of the oblations of ages; and the gold and silver, the pearls and jewels, the vases and sacerdotal ornaments, were most wickedly converted to the service of mankind. After the divine images had been stripped of all that could be valuable to a profane eye, the canvass, or the wood, was torn, broken or burnt, or trod under foot, or applied, in the stables or the kitchen, to the vilest uses."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*.

After eight hours of disorder and rapine, on the memorable twenty-ninth of May, 1453, the Sultan entered in triumph, by the gate of St. Romanus, the city he had conquered. "At the principal door of St. Sophia he alighted from his horse, and entered the dome; and such was his jealous regard for that monument of his glory, that on observing a zealous Mussulman in the act of breaking the marble pavement, he admonished him with his scymetar, that, if the spoil and the captives were granted to the soldiers, the public and private buildings had been reserved for the prince. By his command the metropolis of the eastern church was transformed into a mosch; the rich and portable instruments of superstition were removed; the crosses were thrown down; and the walls, which were covered with images and mosaics, were washed and purified, and restored to a state of naked simplicity. On the same day, or on the ensuing Friday, the *muezzin* or orier ascended the lofty turret, and proclaimed the *exan*, or public invitation in the name of God and his prophet; the imam preached; and Mahomet the Second performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar, where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars." "In the new character of a mosch, the cathedral of St. Sophia was endowed with an ample revenue,* crowned with lofty minarets, and surrounded with groves and fountains, for the devotion and refreshment of the Moslems. The same model was imitated in the *jami* or royal moschs; and the first of these was built, by Mahomet himself, on the ruins of the church of the Holy Apostles and the tombs of the Greek emperors."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall*.

* Tournefort says, 800,000 livres—about 32,000*l*.

THE RIALTO, VENICE.

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances

SHAKESPEARE.

There is a glorious city in the sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

ROBERTS.

There is no spot, on which the European traveller can rest his foot, more fruitful in the most interesting of historical associations, than the noble bridge we are contemplating; and both the simple beauty of its broad span, the magnificent line of marble palaces which adorn the canal over which it is thrown, and its antiquity, render it in picturesque effect, and moral and romantic interest, one of the grandest monuments of past ages.

The present bridge of the Rialto was commenced in the year 1588, and completed in 1591;—Pasquale Cicogna, whose arms appear in the centre of the arch, being then doge of Venice. The design has been attributed by Vasari to Michel Angelo; and his assertion is supported by other authorities, although Michel Angelo died upwards of twenty years before the completion of the bridge. According to Vasari, the design was made at the request of Andrea Gritti, at that time doge of Venice. Many, indeed almost all the great architects of Italy, appear to have furnished designs for this celebrated bridge. The genius of Palladio and Scamozzi was exerted upon it, and Sansovino is said to have presented a design to the Venetians, which was prevented from being carried into execution by a war between the republic and the Turk. Sansovino, however, was the architect of the building or exchange adjoining the bridge of the Rialto known by the name of the *Fabbriche Nuove*.

Besides the historical recollections attaching to the old Rialto, it is known to have been the scene of many a strange and tragic event—many an act of appalling vengeance for private injury or hate. Hence has it offered so fertile a field of incidents for the genius of the dramatist, the novelist, and the poet; and not only to its own but to almost every European people. The most remarkable of these, like the plots of Othello, the Merchant of Venice, Venice Preserved, and many of those in our old dramas, are already familiar to us.

Venice was once the queen of the Adriatic, and is yet one of the most remarkable cities of Europe. A city of this extent, built entirely on small islands, and having canals instead of streets, boats instead of cars and black gondolas instead of coaches, is unique in its kind. It is built, according to some, on ninety, according to others, on seventy-two islands, separated from the continent by the lagoons (a wide and shallow arm of the sea), and connected with each other by 450 bridges, among which is the magnificent Rialto, consisting of a single arch, 187 feet long and 43 wide. The houses, among which are numerous palaces, many of them decaying, and magnificent churches, adorned with precious

monuments of Mosaic work, and splendid pictures of the Venetian school, are mostly built upon piers, and almost all of them stand with their front towards the canals which forms wide and long passages, whilst the real streets are hardly passable for three persons on foot abreast. There are forty-one public places, indeed, but only the place of St. Mark, surrounded by arcades, and ornamented with two high columns, deserves the name. The number of houses is stated to be 15,000, and that of the inhabitants 150,000. The principle manufactures are of cloth, linen, silk, gold and silver cloths, masks, artificial flowers, gold wire and other works in gold, soap, wax, theriac and chemical preparations; also copper and brass ware, leather, catgut and wire strings. Considerable ship-building is carried on. In the manufacture of glass, Venice was formerly the teacher of Europe, but at present is surpassed by other countries; the telescopes, spectacles and beads made here, however, are justly esteemed. On the whole, though the manufactures have much declined, and the commerce still more. Venice yet remains one of the most important commercial places of the Adriatic sea. In 1817, 1050 vessels, under the Austrian flag, left this port, and 2653 entered it besides 315 foreign vessels. The value of the merchandise imported was 34,000,000 lire. The port is spacious, but the entrance is difficult, on account of the shallowness of the channels and the constantly fluctuating sand.

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

By MRS. HEMANS.

The muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which told the hamlets round
Of a soldier's burial rite.

But it told them not how dear
In a home beyond the main,
Was the warrior youth laid low that hour,
By a mountain stream of Spain.

The oaks of England war'd
O'er the slumbers of his race,
But a pine of the Ronceval made moan
Above his last lone place:

When the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound
Which call'd strange echoes round
To the soldier's burial rite.

Brief was the sorrowing there,
By the stream from battle red.
And tossing on its wave the plumes
Of many a stately head:

But a mother—soon to die,
And a sister—long to weep,
Ev'n then were breathing prayer for him,
In that home beyond the deep:

While the muffled drum was heard
In the Pyrenees by night,
With a dull deep rolling sound,
And the dark pines mourn'd round,
O'er the soldier's burial rite.

THE WIDOW.

Mine has been a troublous and a perilous life in matters of love; no sooner have I emerged from one ocean of sighs and tears, than I have plunged headlong into another. It is passing strange that I never fell into matrimony in my very early days; my father did so, and so did my mother, and also my respected grand-dame. She, good soul, originally Miss Letitia Simpson, at fifteen married her first husband, a Mr. Jeffery Wilson; at sixteen, gave birth to my mother. Her husband then died without any other issue, leaving her more than well provided for. At seventeen, she espoused a Mr. Winckworth, who, in his turn, consigned her to a single blessedness and a fair dowry; after which, having quarrelled with all her race, or all her race with her, she abjured them and the realm, betook herself to the Continent, and was barely heard of afterwards. My mother, following one part of her example, married at sixteen, and enriched the world with me at seventeen. Fate, however, I suppose, (for I am a believer in fate,) destined me to—

“Waste my sweets upon the desert air;”

and thus only can I account for my escaping all the matronly and matrimonial anares that beset me in my youth. But to my tale.

On my arrival on the Continent, I had been but a short time at —, when my health visibly and seriously declined, and the medical men who attended me advised a visit to — for its restoration. In accordance with their directions, I, nothing loth, (for a seat at a desk never was a desideratum with me,) sat out; and, as I was alone, and was not over-encumbered of my monosyllabic patronyme, assumed one more suited to the euphony of a billet-doux; and having, therefore, rebaptised myself, I made my appearance at my journey's end as Augustus Montagu, with, moreover, a dash of black down on my upper lip, which I dignified, to my own mind, with the title of *moustache*. Thus yeapt, and thus accoutred, I began my way at —; and, by dint of my modest looks, a little foppery, and my good name, I shortly won my way into a circle of acquaintance.

At a party to which I had, through these means, been asked, I one night met a Madame Perollet, whose appearance, and more, her suzerainty of my attentions, made some impression upon me. She was an extremely fine woman, and English, seemingly about five-and-thirty, though less-favoured fair ones spoke of her having numbered fifty years. Her hair and eyes were of the blackest; her eye lashes of the same colour, and long, thick, and silky; her complexion fair, but not ruddy, such as best contrasts with, and best becomes, the raven lock; her features were more beautiful in their expression than in their individuality, although then even they were beautiful; her teeth were the finest I ever saw; and I opine no woman can lay claim to beauty who cannot show, nay, even display, her teeth. She bore an easy, dignified, and complaisant smile; her figure was of the strictest proportions, and her carriage most graceful; moreover, she was rich and consequently amiable. She was a widow, too; and, with all these qualifications, of course was greatly sought after by the men. But she had sense and caution; and while she smiled on all, and enamoured many, she never gave more than hope, and preserved all her own freedom. The women, who wished her dead, or married, consequently called her a coquette, and some of the *vieux garçons* agreed with them—but this was suspicious evidence; while the younger men, whom the aunts and mothers of standing spinners admonished to beware of the widow, only bowed, and then turned on their heel to laugh.

The first time I met her, a glove which she dropped, and which I proffered her, gave me an opportunity of opening a conversation with her. At first, conscious

of my youth, I hesitated a little, although my looks bespoke an age riper, by some years, than I had attained; but her answers were so mild, so *suave*, and so condescending,—her manner to me so kind and easy,—and her whole conduct so engaging and assuring,—that, before I left her, I had, although blushing, adventured on some little gallant badinage, for which, to the mortification of my elder competitors, she shook her delicate finger at me, and tapped me with her fan. Encouraged thus, I might have proceeded farther; but as she knew how to commence a conquest, so she knew how to continue one; and assuming a dignity, not violent, but perceptible, she restrained my further advances: and being even then sensible that an independent respect is the surest way to a woman's heart, (for I had begun to think of hers,) I contented myself for that time, by expressing a hope that I should have the happiness to meet her again, and bowed myself away.

That night I rose 50 per cent. in my own esteem. "Truly," said I to myself, the man whom that woman distinguishes must own some attractions; she is a lovely and intellectual specimen of her sex; to possess the love of such a one would be something to pride one's self on. What honour is the love of a giddy, indiscriminating girl, who runs the market of matrimony with her heart in her hand eager to bestow it on the first bidder?—Truly, I'll be a chapman no more for such common wares. But vanity! vanity! Can the rich, beautiful, sought, and at an age when prudence has mastered passion, think of such a one as me? Yet she seemed very kind. "But kindness never marries," said a small voice. Yet she oftentimes gives birth to love, I thought, in answer. "But she is wealthy, has a wide range for choice, is a widow, and has the whole town after her," replied my mourner. "True, true, I whispered; but she has interested me, and by — I'll try it!"

Again we met—"Et je contains encore quelques fleurettes." The widow smiled at them, and threatened if I persisted, to reprove me. "Cela va bien," said I to myself, and I retired; for my vanity, or little else, was as yet interested.

A third time we met. "Now then, Ephraim," said I, "for the *coup d'essai*—this time you must be serious and distant, and if she has thought upon you, the result will tell." I approached her with a low and most respectful reverence; inquired after her health; without giving her time to answer, made some dry remarks on the wet weather, broached a recent murder; remarked on the Almanac, and the last new flounce; and was retiring, when she said—

"But, Mr. Montagu, I wish to trouble you with a commission, if you can find time to execute it for me." I assured her I was at her service.

"Then will you have the goodness to see my carriage ordered here at twelve, as I have been out all the week and am fatigued. Perhaps you will let me know when it is at the door, as I don't wish to be seen leaving so early."

"Allons, mon bon ami, Ephraim," thought I; "cela va du mieux." And thanking her for the honor of her commands in a tone of deep and grateful respect, I left her to execute them.

That done, and twelve o'clock came, I made my way to her. She was seated near the door, and whispering to her, (for the secrecy she wished to practise gave me the privilege to do so) that the carriage was ready, I offered myself as her escort to it. She accepted my offer, and placed her arm within mine; as she did so, I felt a fluttering in my heart I was unprepared for, and as the stair case was deserted, I looked up in trembling and confusion into her face, and perceived she looked at me. One instant our eyes met, and the next they were cast down or averted, and I thought the confusion was mutual—I positively shook. As I handed her in-

to the carriage, I stammered out an expression of hope that she would feel relieved from her fatigue next day, and begged her permission to call and inquire after her health in the morning; a gracious smile, and a graceful inclination of the head, answered me, and the coach drove off.

"Fool," said I, as I slowly reasoned, "to match my puny wit against a woman's charms and wiles! Your own weak snares have entrapped you."

In the morning, having dressed myself with more than ordinary care, I found myself, about two o'clock, with a very unsettled pulse, at Madame de Perollet's door; and being announced, was ushered into the drawing room, where the widow was seated on a couch, at a small and elegantly carved writing table, drawing her small white hands over some invitation cards. The usual enquiries made and answered, our conversation turned on the previous night's party, and she told me she was busy when I entered writing cards for one of her own.

"But do you know," she said, "I wrote so little lately that my hand is quite stiff, and I am so awkward." "See," said she, laying it over the table to me, "see how I have blacked my fingers with the ink."

"Indeed," said I, rising and advancing to the table, and with an affectation of short sight, taking her hand in mine to examine it. "This ink of yours is a most sacrilegious violator. Would you permit me," I added, as she drew her hand away, "to finish your task?"

"Oh indeed," she answered, rising and vacating her place to me, "you will oblige me much, if you will undertake that kind office for me."

"Rather say for myself," I said; "for I fear I am selfish in seeking the pleasure I ask."

She made me no reply, but smiled, and placed herself opposite, with a list of names to dictate.

"What is this?" said I, taking up the list she had finished. "This is my name. Am I the only Mr. Montague of your acquaintance?"

She nodded acquiescence.

"And am I to have the honour of attending you?"

"If," she answered, "no better, no more agreeable engagement."

"Heavens!" said I, "what better, what more agreeable engagement is it possible I could have! what other engagement could induce me to forego—"

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, "I will read the names."

"I thank you—but, Madam," I resumed, "you must first permit me to thank you for the honour you have done me, or you will make me believe you think so meanly of me as to deem me insensible to it."

"If your thanks are on each recurrence of the occasion to be as fervent," said the widow, "I fear the task will soon be irksome to you, for I have just made up my mind, if you will promise to write all my cards, and be a little more sedate in your gratitude, to put your name down in my book for the season."

"Is it possible, Madame? then will I be sworn, like the Hebrew copyist, never to pen aught else; and will attend you, too happy as your bidden, your bounteous scribe—nay, but there is no room for that dubious smile—I will swear."

"Don't, pray," she replied; "remember, if you write for me only, how many damsels will die for lack of the elegant food of your billets-doux!"

"Not one, I assure you, Madam; if I have polluted paper with a line to woman since my arrival, or dared to harbour thoughts of more than one, and she, one to whom I can never presume to aspire—"

"Then there is one, Mr. Montagu? but pray remember my cards. I fear you will make a very negligent amanuensis."

"There is indeed one, Madam, if I dared reveal her."

"Well, well, Mr. Montagu," she said, "I don't wish to confess you."

"And yet, Madam," I answered, "you could absolve me."

"Mr. Montagu," said the widow, hastily, "do, pray, think of my cards, or I must write them; and only see how that nasty ink has stained my fingers."

"It only serves as a foil to the snowy lustre of the rest," I said.

"But yet you would not like it if the hand were yours—"

"If it were mine—if it could ever be mine," said I, warming as I spoke, and raising it to my lips.

"Have done then, have done, Mr. Montagu; see how you have kept your promise, not one card written—oh, fie! and now we really must leave it till to-morrow, for I must go out."

"I hope not, I said. "I will complete them instantly."

"But, indeed, I must go out."

"To-morrow then, perhaps, you will permit me to show my industry?"

"Yes," she said, "if you will promise, very faithfully, really to write."

"As closely as a pundit, on my honour," and once more pressing her hand, and having fully received pardon for my sins, I withdrew.

The next day and the next, our seats were resumed. I pen in hand, Madame with her pocket-book; but still the cards remained stationary. Not so with other matters: I progressed in love and boldness, until I won from the widow's lips a confession of regard, and the sweetest assurance of it that lips can give. Never did love sit so lightly or so happily on me, though my passion for Matilde, for that she told me was her name, was ardent; and she was beautiful, fascinating, and every way engaging; but she was not to be treated with continual scenes, and her own demonstrations of love were of that nature which satisfied without ever exciting the heart. We felt rather than told each other's hopes and thoughts, and wishes, and I enjoyed serenely what I had before and have often since squandered in unnecessary or unavailing suffering. Her actions spoke more than her words, and I was too proud of her to doubt her for her silence—her and her only have I loved rationally—I loved her as a woman; others I have adored as angels, till adoration became torture; and I have phrenzied myself in seeking and worshipping their attributes.

About four months I led in this way a very happy life, when it was agreed we should be married: a *coût de mariage* was necessary, and I was to await upon a notary to instruct him to prepare it. To enable me to do so, Matilde explained to me the nature and amount of her property; which was ample.

"And now, Augustus," said she, "I must own, I have deceived you in one point."

"Indeed!" said I. "I am sure it is a very venial one."

"It is so, indeed; but it is necessary I should now explain it to you—my name is not Matilde Perollet."

"Indeed!" said I, at the same time thinking to myself how easy a way this confession would make for my own on the same subject.

"That name I assumed to escape the importunities of relations in England. Listen, and you shall soon be made acquainted with the brief story of my life. My maiden name, you must, know was Simpson."

"Indeed!" I said, "we have the name already in our family."

"On my first marriage with Mr. Wilson —"

"Who?" I cried.

"Wilson!" she answered.

My hair stood on end—"Were you married a second time?"

"I was."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Winckworth."

"Winckworth!" I exclaimed, "Simpson, Wilson, Winckworth! Heavens! you are my grandmother."

TROUT FISHING.

Skinner's Sporting Magazine for June, just published, contains a great variety of interesting matter, and is embellished with a representation of the *Sebago Trout*, a most beautiful and excellent fish, found in Lake Sebago, Maine. The plate is accompanied with a lively and entertaining description of a fishing excursion, a portion of which we extract, being confident that it will please our readers.

There were four of us, C——, P——, K—— and myself. The first was an accomplished angler, an amiable, intelligent and generous companion. The second was a great lover of fishing and of good company, always inclined to an enterprise and full of health and hardihood to support him in it. The third was a novice with the angle and a stranger to Sebago, but exceedingly zealous in the cause and eager to become initiated. With such a fellowship, it may well be imagined that I augured well for our social prospect whatever might be our success among the trout. So on the 22d of May, 1833, we took coach at Portland, in which we packed our rods, creels, baskets, &c. with extra refreshment "tackle and apparel" for a week's campaign, and off we drove for the Sebago.

On Thursday, the 23d, we had a fair day, with flying clouds and a brisk wind from north-west. Temperate. —Soon after breakfast we seated ourselves in the boat, which was sufficiently capacious and equipped with both sails and oars, and set forth upon our first trip across the lake, full of spirits and eager expectation. As soon as we were fairly off the shore each one baited and put out his line, first ascertaining that his minnow would spin handsomely, when passing through the water. As much line was now suffered to run out as was thought proper, varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet, and the rods being severally held out from either side of the boat, so as to prevent any entanglement of the lines, we fell to betting who should have "the first bite." We trod along in this manner for nearly a mile, with no occurrence to break the monotony of the scene or relieve our waning patience, until we all concluded that fish were "scarce," "very scarce!" Perhaps we were "too early for the season," "perhaps the day was not favorable," or "the wind" and "perhaps the trout were destroyed in the canal last autumn!" But there always results a pretty fair compensation for the "scarcity" of fish in the corresponding appreciation of their value when taken, and the excitement of the pursuit is generally in full proportion of the rarity of the prey. We were not doomed, however, to an utter disappointment, "a bite! a bite!" now exclaimed C——, his countenance brightening, while the rest of us were aroused to a livelier degree of interest. "Ah! he is off!—no,—he has hold again;—he is hooked," said C——, "and I shall have him! reel up." At this signal every other line was rapidly gathered in, so as to give clear play for the fish without the danger of entanglement.

But for this precaution, it is almost impossible to avoid the perplexity, vexation and a total loss of sport. Besides, the capture of a lake trout is a work of time; the boat's progress, too, is arrested in the mean while, and, but for reeling up our lines they would be carried by the sinkers to the bottom, where the hooks would in all probability get foul. Every one is intent upon the operations and chances of the game, watching, with almost as much anxiety the bending rod and

straightened line of his lucky companion, as it was his own hook that held the prize and his own hand that wound the reel.

Every moment seems pregnant with event;—the delicate snood,—with which a skilful angler will kill a trout of ten pounds, and which would not lift from the floor to the table a dead weight of *two*, may break, the trout if hooked in a tender part of the mouth may tear loose, or by a struggling leap may detach the hook, and many other are the chances which favor the fish; in his controversy. Thus is our anxiety kept alive thus it gathers intensity, from the first shock of a bite, to the moment when the dip-net envelops him he is safely deposited in the bottom of the boat.

But we left C—— with a trout at the end of his line, some 75 feet astern. He commences winding up, keeping his rod at right angles to the direction of his line so as to present the maximum of its elasticity, taking care never to allow the line to slacken entirely, nor yet to be so hardly drawn upon as to endanger the tackle. "Look! look!" said F——, our novice, "see that larger fish yonder jumping out of water!—How the dashes the spray about! can that be a trout?" "That fish," said C——, slyly and with ineffable complacency, "has my limerick hook in his mouth!" His rod now suddenly sprung back to its position, straight as an arrow and all his alacrity was required to take in line as fast as it slackened, and for one dread moment it was feared that the trout was off. But no—the supple rod bowed down again and C—— felt reassured that master trout and himself had still something to do with each other. The resistance now became more moderate and uniform, so that for several minutes C—— had little do but to wind up and watch sharply. Every moment brought the fish nearer to us and added to the excitement. We knew that, however passively he sufficed himself now to be drawn forward, the moment he should come so near as to see the boat, and his formidable array of enemies, he would put forth his utmost powers again in his effort to escape, and that unless he should prove to be well hooked and was managed with an artist like skill, this effort would certainly be successful. Another splash! The water was broke within 20 feet of us and a fine, large, silvery trout leaped up 4 or 5 feet into the air, flashing and sparkling in the sun, then cutting a flourishing summer set, dashed into his element again and down he sped to the bottom, fathoms deep, while the rattling reel spun round most merrily, yielding up to the fleeting captive as much line as he pleased to carry away. But in spite of this symptom of aversion, the actual attachment was too strong to be severed by any such vagary as this, and after squire trout had exhausted his share of the argument, squire C—— put in his replication, and by the aid of the reeling process, the former relations between the parties were soon re-established, and their personal acquaintance with each other, grew closer and closer every moment. Now he was near enough for us to see all his motions. How brightly gleamed his eyes! and how flashed the silvery light from his scales as he clove his way through the water; now starboard, now larboard, now plunging again to his depths and now bursting forth into the air, in restless impatience of his thrall; while the imperturbable, but highly excited C——, keeping a steady eye upon all his movements, yielding just enough to his impetuosity to save the tackle, but still shortening line upon him at every interval of relaxation; until, wearied out, at length, the noble trout so fierce and vigorous before, now turned languidly upon his side and gave token of complete exhaustion. The landing net was now called in requisition and duly manned. Several spirited efforts, however, were made by the reluctant prisoner before the net could be placed under him; but his strength was now expended, and he suffered him-

self to be towed in so near to the boat, that he was soon dipped triumphantly from the water into the boat, and received on his head the coup de grace, which put an end at once to his troubles and his existence.

Now for the steelyards! "and now for a guess!" "How much?" "how much does he weigh?"—were the questions each was prompt to ask of the other: five pounds—five and a quarter pounds—four and a half pounds—four and three quarter pounds, were the different opinions ventured, but, the impartial beam disappointed us all, and four and a quarter pounds, was all the weight of this well fed and powerful fish.

But, fruition is not satisfaction. Pursuit—pursuit alone, is that which constitutes the essence of sporting; and, of much more peradventure, which we comprehend under the denomination of human felicity. So "up sails!" and "off again for another trout." "Let us now steer," exclaimed P——, as he began to was impatient for a little action himself; "let us now steer between Sloop and Squaw islands and so up the reach to the 'Images.'" Our lines were soon out again, and for another hour we were fain to content ourselves with conversation, which, however, was now animated by reminiscence as well as by hope, when F—— cried out, "ha? what's that?" his rod bending off to the rear and his line stiff with tension. "You have a bite!" "Take care now!" "reel up!" "give him line!" "he'll be off!" "no, you have hooked him!" Were the several exclamations with which the excited F—— was greeted from every quarter; and, for some moments it might well be doubted, whether he could have told his right hand from his left: so excessive is the agitation, which is sure to possess the tyro, on his initiation to this most fascinating of sports. "Look!—there he keeps a noble fellow! a trout of at least six pounds!" "be careful now! reel up slowly!" and, so amidst the various cheerings and caveats of the party, did F—— proceed in the grand manipulation of capturing a trout; his eye fixed rigidly on the water where the fish might be, and anon towards his creaking rod which he felt was put to a severer trial than he would ever have dared to impose voluntary; his whole frame trembling in the meantime with half dread, half ecstasy. For five long minutes this state of silent excitement continued, when a splash in the water, some fifty feet astern of us, betrayed the place of the trout, who made one glorious vault into the air, flapped his tail in high jubilee, and disappeared again beneath the wave. The countenance of F. now fell. His rod was straight and he began to wind in his slackened and unresisting line,—so sadly!! The fish had indeed escaped, and it was a long, long while, before F—— regained his composure and could set his thoughts upon a new trial. He now drew in, to examine his hook and to rebait if necessary, but alas! his hook, snood, swivels and sinkers, were all gone, carried off by the triumphant trout as trophies of his victory. An inspection of the line, which as it proved had given way just above the snood, was sufficient to explain the whole cause of the disaster. F—— had equipped himself very thoroughly with every kind of gear but swivels, and being compelled to borrow, he modestly declined more than one for his snood, which it seems was insufficient or else did not play easily and his beautiful blue silk line was in consequence so untwisted, unalaid and tortured into kinks that its strength was almost entirely destroyed. He thus lost his fish and a full hour of sport besides, for it was not easy to rig another snood to his mind without a resort to our box of spare tackle, which had unfortunately been left at our lodgings. This, however, was but the first chapter of accidents. Something or other was constantly giving way, as the fishing became more animated, and before the day was gone we found ourselves much in the situation of a frigate after an engagement; we brought in no less than eight fine prizes, however, which were distributed as follows.

C—killed one trout of four and a quarter pounds—one of four pounds—one of three and a quarter pounds—and one of two pounds. P—killed one of five and quarter pounds—and one of four pounds. F—killed one of two pounds. And myself one of five and three quarter pounds. Full as many more were hooked and afterwards lost, some at a distance, but the greater number after they had been brought near to the boat, where their struggles were always more violent and the hold of the hook upon their lips proportionably weakened. I hooked a fine large trout early in the forenoon, and had beautiful play with him for more than ten minutes; but when brought within a few feet of the boat, he plunged directly down for many fathoms, where he remained a long time, sullen and immovable and at last broke away.

BURYING ALIVE.

There are numerous authentic instances of premature interment on record in the medical works of the old countries, and if authorities were searched, it is probable, that even in America, many of a similar character, might be found. During the prevalence of the yellow fever in this city, in the year 1793, we have every reason to believe, that many persons, suffering with the disease, were removed from their houses and interred before the vital spark had fled. So general was this desolating scourge, that those who officiated as undertakers, acted without any check or responsibility, and if in entering a house the door of which was marked with the fatal characters of the disease, the dying were taken with the dead, to avoid the trouble of a second visit, there was none to call them to account. Horrible, beyond measure, are the reflections which a recurrence to such scenes occasions. An intelligent French gentleman has furnished the editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser with the following facts, relating to premature interments, collected from medical history.

"The diseases in which a partial and momentary suspension of life most often manifests itself, are Asthymia, Hysteria, Lethargy, Hypochondria, Convulsions, Syncope, Catalepsy, excessive loss of blood, Tetanus, Apoplexy, Epilepsy and Ecstasy.

"Among many cases which have been recorded, the following are particularly striking:—

"Chancellor Bacon relates that Dr. Scott, nicknamed the subtle, was buried alive at Cologne, and that, recovering from this apparent death, he gnawed his hands and broke his head in his tomb.

At Toulouse, a lady having been buried in the church of the Capuchin friars with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered the vault to steal the ring, and, as the finger was swelled and the ring could not come off, he began cutting the finger on hearing a loud shriek from the deceased, the thief fell senseless. At the time of morning prayers, the Monks, having heard some groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus death had her prey; there was but a change of victims.

"A street porter in Paris, having died at the Hotel Dieu, was carried with the other dead into the same grave; recovering his senses towards 11 at night, he tore open his winding sheet, made his way to his house, knocked at the door which was not opened to him without some difficulty, and took a new possession of his lodgings.

"In 1756, a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body put on some straw with a taper at the feet; some young men who sat up round the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper. This set the straw on fire. The deceased, whose body the flames now reached, uttered a piercing shriek. Timely assistance was rendered, and she so well recovered that, after

her resurrection, she became the mother of several children.

"On the 21st of Nov. 1763, the able Prevot, well known for his literary productions, was taken with an apoplectic fit as he was travelling through the forest of Chantilly. Being supposed dead, he was carried to the house of the mayor of the village and the magistrate directed a post mortem examination to be commenced. A piercing shriek uttered by the unfortunate man proved that he was alive. He expired under the scalpel.

"Dr. Devaux, a surgeon of St. Come hospital in Paris, had a maid-servant who had three times been carried to burial. She did not recover her senses, the last time, till they were lowering the coffin into the grave. That woman having died anew, the body was kept six days lest they should have to bring her back, the fourth time.

"A Mr. Rousseau, of Rouen, had married a young lady of fourteen, whom he left in perfect health at his starting on a short journey. After a few days, he heard that, unless he returned immediately, he would find his wife buried. On reaching home he saw the funeral ready.—In an agony of grief, he had the coffin removed to his room and unscrowed. He placed the body on a bed and ordered twenty-five incisions to be made on it. At the twenty-sixth, probably deeper than the others, the deceased exclaimed. "How severely you hurt me!" Medical assistance was immediately given. The lady had afterwards twenty-six children.

"The wife of Mr. Duhamel, a celebrated lawyer, having been supposed dead twenty-four hours, the body was placed on a table for the purpose of preparing it for burial. Her husband strongly opposed it, not believing her dead.

To ascertain it, and knowing that she was very fond of the cymbal, and the tunes which cymbal players sing, he called one. Upon hearing the instrument and the voice, the deceased recovered motion and speech. She survived her apparent death forty years.

"Andre Vesale, first physician to Charles V. and Phillip II., after attending a Spanish grandee, thought him dead. Having obtained leave to examine the body, he had scarcely thrust the bistoury into it and opened the chest, when he perceived that the heart palpitated.

The relatives of the deceased prosecuted him as guilty of murder, the inquisitor as guilty of profaneness.—Through the intercession of the King he obtained to be merely condemned to a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"In the sitting of the royal Academy of Medicine on the 10th of May, 1027, Mr. Chantournelle read a paper on the danger of hasty inhumations. This led to a discussion, in which M. Degenettes stated that he had heard from Mr. Thouret who had superintended the removal of the human remains of the cemetery and the charnel house *des innocens*, that many skeletons had been found in positions showing that the individuals had moved after their inhumation. Mr. Thouret had been so much struck with this that he had inserted in his will an article relating to his own interment."

A GOOD ONE.—Dr. Hoadley Ashe, lately dead, was nephew of Dr. Hoadley, who wrote the "Suspicious Husband." I had the pleasure of sitting next to Dr. Ashe one day at dinner, when he began a story, with "As eleven of my daughters and I were crossing Piccadilly—"Eleven of your daughters, doctor!" I rather rudely interrupted. "Yes, sir," rejoined the doctor, "I have nineteen daughters, all living; never had a son; and Mrs. Ashe, myself, and nineteen female *Ashe plants*, sit down one-and-twenty to dinner every day. Sir, I am smothered with petticoats." He probably meant *ashes*.

THE MINSTREL BARQUE.

Andantino.

Oh, sweet the star-beam wakes, A ---- long the si-lent sea, And

pp

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time, with lyrics 'Oh, sweet the star-beam wakes, A ---- long the si-lent sea, And'. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in the same key and time, marked *pp*. The bottom staff is a bass line, also in G major and 6/8 time.

sweet the light car takes its fear-less course and free; But

This system contains the next three staves of music. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'sweet the light car takes its fear-less course and free; But'. The middle and bottom staves continue the piano accompaniment.

sweet-er is the lay, The lay that list'-ning beau-ty hears, When

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics 'sweet-er is the lay, The lay that list'-ning beau-ty hears, When'. The middle and bottom staves continue the piano accompaniment.

on its shi - - ning way, The min - strel barque ap - - - - pears; But

pp *crec.*

sweet - er is the lay That list - ning beau - ty. hears, When

on its shining way The minstrel barque ap - pears, the barque tr ap - -

pears.

Second Verse.

Low breathing gales prolong
 The Lute's impassion'd sighs,
 As love inspires the song,
 And softer love replies;
 And care deep slumb'ring lies,
 While glide! the moments on,
 Alas! that all we prize,

Should be so dear - ly won, should be so dear - ly won.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A certain lodging house was very much infested with vermin. A gentleman who slept there one night told the landlady so in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we hav'n't a single bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they are all married and have large families too."

"I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clark, "to know the great secret of human happiness is this; never suffer energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all a going."

Francis the First asked one day of Duchatel, the learned Bishop of Orleans, if he was a gentleman? "Sir," was the Prelate's reply, "in the ark of Noah, there were three brothers—I cannot tell from which of them I am descended."

DYING CONSOLATION.—"I shall be happy," said the expiring husband to the wife, who was weeping most dutifully by the bedside, "if you will only promise not to marry that object of my unceasing jealousy, your cousin Charles." "Make yourself quite easy, love," said the expectant widow, "I am engaged to his brother."

"Pa, I know what piece of music that is which the band's playing—I do." "Do you, though?—what is it?" "It's the same that sister plays on the *pirane*; she calls it the *overture of a load of whiskey*," (overture to *Lordimka*).—(Baltimore Visitor.

A SMILE.—A preacher in the upper part of the city, while decanting on the impossibility of the sinner retracing his steps after he had gone a certain length, made use of the following strong similes: "My brethren, it is a very easy task to row a skiff over Niagara fall—but an all-sufficient job to row it back again!"

AN IRISH RAINBOW IN SPAIN.—A Carlist chief in Guipuscoa, in a proclamation in which he calls on the Spaniards to take up arms, and rush into a civil war in support of Don Carlos, says "peace and justice are the rainbow which precede him."

RIDING COURTSHIP.—A little boy just returned from a long visit, was asked by his mother how he had enjoyed himself while absent from home. He answered with a boyish simplicity, that he "liked his visit very well, but he would'nt—that's what he would'nt, never ride home between Cousin George and Sarah again, for they kept hugging and kissing each other so much that they squeezed him all the time, and almost *spoilt his new hat!*"

PADDY'S USE OF CHOCOLATE.—The porter of a Dublin grocer, was brought by his master before a magistrate, on a charge of stealing chocolate, which he could not deny.—Upon being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was greatly wounded. To whom did I sell it?" says pat; "why does he think I took it to sell?" "Then, Sir," said the magistrate, "what did you do with it?"—"Do wid it? Since you must know," said he, "we made tea of it."

ODD ANSWER.—The elder folks were talking of the Doncaster, when one turned to a listening child and said. "Did you ever see a race, Bobby?" "Yes," was the answer, "I have seen the candles run?"

"Dear me," said a lady, upon reading in the newspapers, that Lord T——'s son had been brought before a police magistrate, charged with not paying his reckoning; "dear me, the poor fellow, I suppose, had no money in his pocket!" "Madam," cried Tom Moore, who was present, "that is a complaint the young gentleman has." "A complaint, Mr. Moore!" exclaimed the lady. "Yes, madam," rejoined the wag, "and an hereditary one."

PARADISE.—An old colored man delivering a sermon, made use of the following beautiful illustration of the high state of enjoyment of the good in the other world:—"Dare my beloved bruddern, ye git de good roast gooses, and dare ye git de nice bak'd possum—gravy all runnin down; squash him tween your teeth." Whereupon an old coon in the congregation, jumped up, shook his head, and sung out "whew! whew, too good! so bress my Master; you say dat agin, Cato gwid you quick!"

THE "DIVIDED SCISSORS."—A man who passes through life without marrying, is like a fair mansion left by the builder unfinished. The half that is completed runs to decay from neglect, or becomes, at best, but a sorry tenement, wanting the addition of that which makes the whole useful.

THE REASON WHY.—A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you was young?" "Yes, but we have seen the *folly of it*," answered the mother. "Well mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the *folly of it* too."

PRECISE DIRECTION.—While travelling in the state of Connecticut some years since on a first visit to an uncle, having arrived in the vicinity of his residence we came to a cross road, and inquired of a passing farmer, which of the roads led to the house of the Rev. Mr. T——, "Go right ahead," said he, "the minister lives in the last house you come to, *before you come in sight of the meetin' house.*"

The following libel is going the rounds: "Never trust a secret with a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell aunt Hannah, and aunt Hannah will impart it as a *profound secret* to every one of her female acquaintance."

A BULL.—An Irishman, who was brought up to the police the other day, on a charge of vagrancy, on being asked if he had eaten any thing during the week, replied, that he "hadn't tasted a bit of any thing for three days, barring a little oyster soup made of *clams*."

NO EAR FOR MUSIC.—A bachelor of Woonsocket Falls, R. I. after decanting on the evils of carrying infants to meeting, which he considers all but an unpardonable sin, thus expresses his abhorrence of the cries of a child. "I can stand firm and face a hurricane; I can brook the tempest, and listen to the roar of an earthquake, but oh! ladies deliver us from the cry of sucklings in the house of God."

Jonathan where was you going to yesterday, when I saw you going to mill?

Why I was going to mill to be sure.

Well I wish I had seen you, I'd got you to carry a grist for me.

Why you did see me didn't you?

Yes, but not till you got clean out of sight.

"FILL IT AGAIN."—A German parson, in an adjoining county in this State, who was in the habit of indulging, with some of his congregation, when an opportunity offered, in partaking of a social glass together, one Lord's day, after having made several calls on the way, repaired to the church, of which he was pastor, to officiate in his holy calling. After he had finished his sermon, he gave out a psalm, as usual, and took his seat. During the singing, he fell asleep, and continued so until the congregation became impatient to be dismissed, when one of the deacons ascended to his box, and without ceremony gave him a hearty shake, exclaiming—"Wake up, wake up, it is most out," (meaning the service was nearly closed).—"Is it—fill it again, fill it again," said the parson, partially recovering himself from the effects of sleep, but quite unconscious of where he was, and doubtless thinking that it was his glass the deacon meant, and that he was in a bar-room instead of a pulpit. The congregation, accordingly, in great confusion and laughter, dismissed themselves, leaving the parson and deacon to make the best of the joke.

Light Work—Light Pay.

ANECDOTE.—Dr. Morse, of Charlestown, was the first chaplain to the State Prison, in that town. On his being appointed, Gov. Strong, a particular friend to the doctor, called in person, and informed him that the Governor and Council, had given him the office, and a salary of \$200 per annum. The doctor intimated with his customary suavity, that the pay was rather small. "The Governor and the Council, were aware of the smallness of the salary," replied his excellency, "But you will reflect, doctor, that your labour is already half done. The prisoners are now under conviction, and all you have to do, will be to convert them."

The following amusing dialogue occurred at Sierra Leone, between two sailors who happened to be on the military parade, when the soldiers were at drill, going through the evolution of marking time—a manoeuvre by which the feet as well as the whole body of the person are kept in motion, presenting a similar appearance to that which they exhibit when they are actually marching. One observed the other watching the movements of the corps very attentively, with his eyes fixed, and his arms akimbo. "What the devil are you looking at?" he inquired. "Why, Jack," replied his companion, "I am thinking there must be a very strong tide running this morning, for these poor beggars have been pulling away this half-hour, and have'n't got an inch a head yet."—*Holmes's Travels*

TEACHING A COW.—A gentleman riding near his own house in Ireland, saw a cow's head and fore feet appear at the top of a ditch, through a gap in the hedge on the road side; he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow; he was induced to ride up close to the scene of action, when he saw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," said he, "that's a fine cow." "Ooh, that she is," replied the boy, "and I am teaching her to get her own living, please yer honor." The gentleman did not precisely understand the meaning of the expression, and, had he directly asked for an explanation, would probably have died in ignorance; but the boy, proud of his cow, encouraged the exhibition of her talents; she was made to jump across the ditch several times, and this adroitness in breaking through fences was termed "getting her own living." Thus, as soon as a cow's education is finished, she may be sent loose in the world to provide for herself; turned to graze in the poorest pasture, she will be able and willing to live on the fat of the land.

NEGRO ELOQUENCE.—Negroes are said to be as fond of set speeches as professional orators; yet amidst their verbose and tautological harangues, we meet, if not good argument, at least that which resembles, and even supercedes its necessity—that is to say, acute illustration.—Does a negro wish to express that it is folly to brave danger unnecessarily, this he will not do by mode and figure; but will at once say—"Crab what walk too much go 'na pot." Does he wish to indicate that oblivion generally follows the death of any one, he says—"When man dead, grass grow at him door." Nor are there wanted instances of a higher kind of eloquence. An old negro having beaten a young one, the former was called to give an account of the transaction. Instead of coming directly to the point, he brought a negro child—a little woolly-headed knave—and holding the ebony-skinned infant up in one hand, spoke to the following effect:—"Do you see this boy? When that man (pointing to his opponent) came from Guinea no bigger than this child, he was given by the white people into my charge; when he called for his father, I consoled him; when he wept for his mother, I dried his tears; when hungry, my plantains fed—when weary, my bed supported him; until my kindness drove both father and mother from his memory, for I was both to him. For this I am well repaid. Nourish a young serpent, and when big enough it will sting you." Now he has grown as tall and stately as a Palmiste, while my own hair is as white as a cotton shrub, he abuses me, he curses me, he strikes me! Ah Cudgo, Cudgo! 'tis not me you insult, 'tis the ghost of your father! 'tis not me you curse, 'tis the spirit of your mother! 'tis not against me your impious hands are raised, 'tis against Heaven!"

HAVING THE ADVANTAGE.—Tom Hobbs was a queer fellow in his day, and lived in a place called Squam, somewhere on Cape Ann. Tom would drink like a fish, and when he had taken his fifth glass of a morning, no man possessed more shrewdness. When in this condition, and in his happiest mood, Tom one morning met a gentleman on horseback, whom he had never put his eyes on before. As is customary in the country, Tom immediately accosted him: "Ah! here you are, my good fellow, how d'ye do. Upon my honor, it does my heart good to see you once more. How's your family, and the old woman, we hav'n't seen her this long time; when is she coming down to see my wife?" "I am quite well, I thank you," said the gentleman. "but indeed sir, you have the advantage!" "Advantage! my good fellow, what advantage?" inquired Tom. "Why really, sir, I do not know you?" "Know me!" exclaimed Tom, "well, I don't you; where in the deuce is the advantage?"

DUTCH PRAYER.—A Dutch preacher, who was warmly inclined in favor of the tory party during the revolutionary war, happened once to get into an American camp, on a Sunday, and was consequently called upon for a sermon and a prayer. He, from force of habit, commenced the latter with "Got pless to king"—whereupon there was considerable excitement amongst the soldiers when he perceived it, with admiral presence of mind continued. "Yes, mine heares, I say Got bless to king—pless him mit plenty of hardt dimes—pless him mit a whig barliament—pless him mit defeats on landt unt on to zee—pless him mit all kindths of pad luck—pless him mit sickness—pless him mit a shordt life—unt, Lordt, may we have no more of him."

A cheesemonger's wife having attempted, at a Lord Mayor's ball, to take precedence of a grocer's wife, the latter pulled her back, significantly observing, as she rushed by, "Nothing, Madam, after cheese."

From the London Magazine.

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics;
I wondered what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with fates and furies;
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures,
Those whispered syllables have brought
From memory's hoarded treasures;
The fields, the forms, the beasts, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Where are my friends? I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker—
Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
And some before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
As much as false professions;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medler's feet repose unscann'd.
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Martext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant and not his Manton;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.

And I am eight-and-twenty now—
The world's cold chain has bound me;
And darker shades are on my brow,
And sadder scenes around me:
In Parliament I fill my seat,
With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Gernyn-street,
And sip my heck at Doudle's.

But often when the cares of life
Have set my temples aching,
When visions haunt me of a wife,
When duns await my waking,
When Lady Jane is in a pet,
Or Hobby in a hurry;
When Captain Hazard wins a bet,
Or Beaulieu spoils a curry:

For hours and hours, I think and talk
Of each remember'd hobby;
I long to lounge in Poet's Walk,
To shiver in the lobby;
I wish that I could run away
From house, and court, and levee,
Where bearded men appear to day,
Just Elton boys, grown heavy;

That I could bask in childhood's sun,
And dance o'er childhood's roses;
And find huge wealth in one pound one,
Vast wit in broken noses;

And pray Sir Giles at Datchet Lane,
And call the milk-maids Hours;
That I could be a boy again—
A happy boy at Drury's!

PUFFING, A FABLE.

A bustling hen did once acquire
A barn-yard reputation,
For being, certes, the stoutest crier
Of all the feathered nation.

To lay an egg, she'd oft retire,
And then what exultation!
She'd cackle like a house a-fire,
And make a proclamation.

Her jealous sisters tried to mock,
Geese thought she was ill-bred;
The patriarchal turkey-cock,
Was seen to shake his head;
And once, in view of all the head;
He spake to her and said.

"Madam, what good you get by noise
'Tis hard for me to see;
Your constant cackling annoys
My ears exceedingly.
Why need you publish all your joys?
Lay eggs, and let them be."

She, meanwhile scratching with one leg,
Soon gracefully up-drew it;
And poised upon a single peg,
Cried: "Oh! 'tis time you knew it;
'Tis the fashion now to lay an egg,
And then, sir, to REVIEW IT."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place a few months since, between a lawyer, and an editor who had been called into court to give up the name of the author of a certain offensive article in his paper:

Q. Are you the editor of this paper, sir?

A. I am sir.

Q. Did you write that article? [pointing to the one in question.]

A. I did not, sir.

Q. Is this an editorial article?

A. It is, sir.

Q. Who assists you as editor?

A. No one, sir.

Q. Then you write all the editorial yourself?

A. Very little of it, sir.

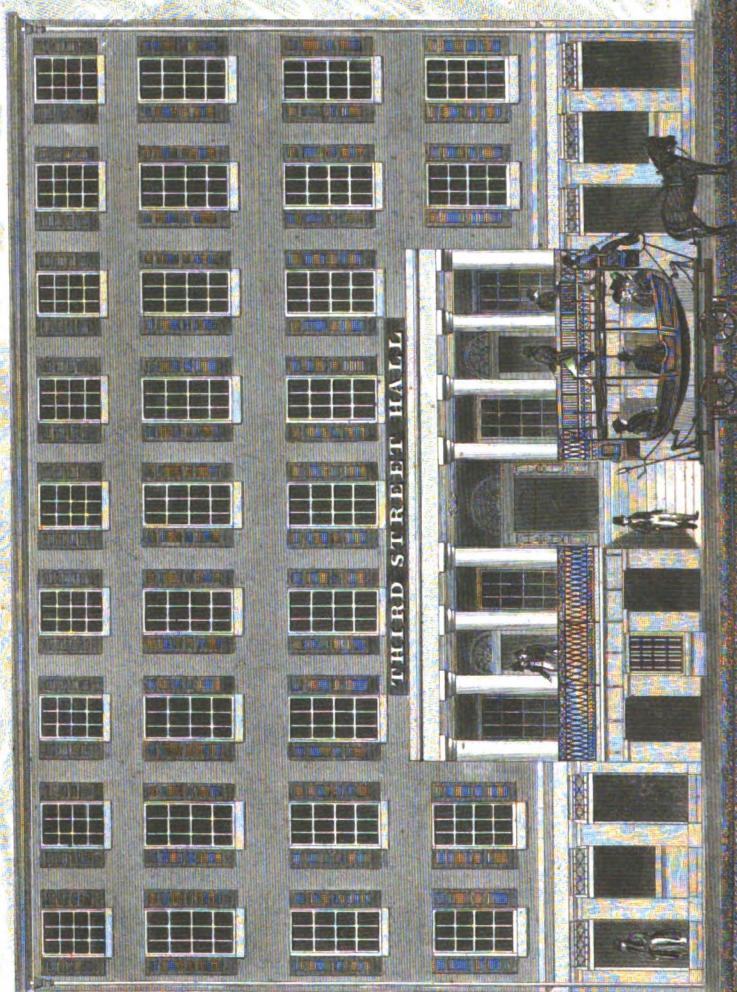
Q. And still no one assists you?

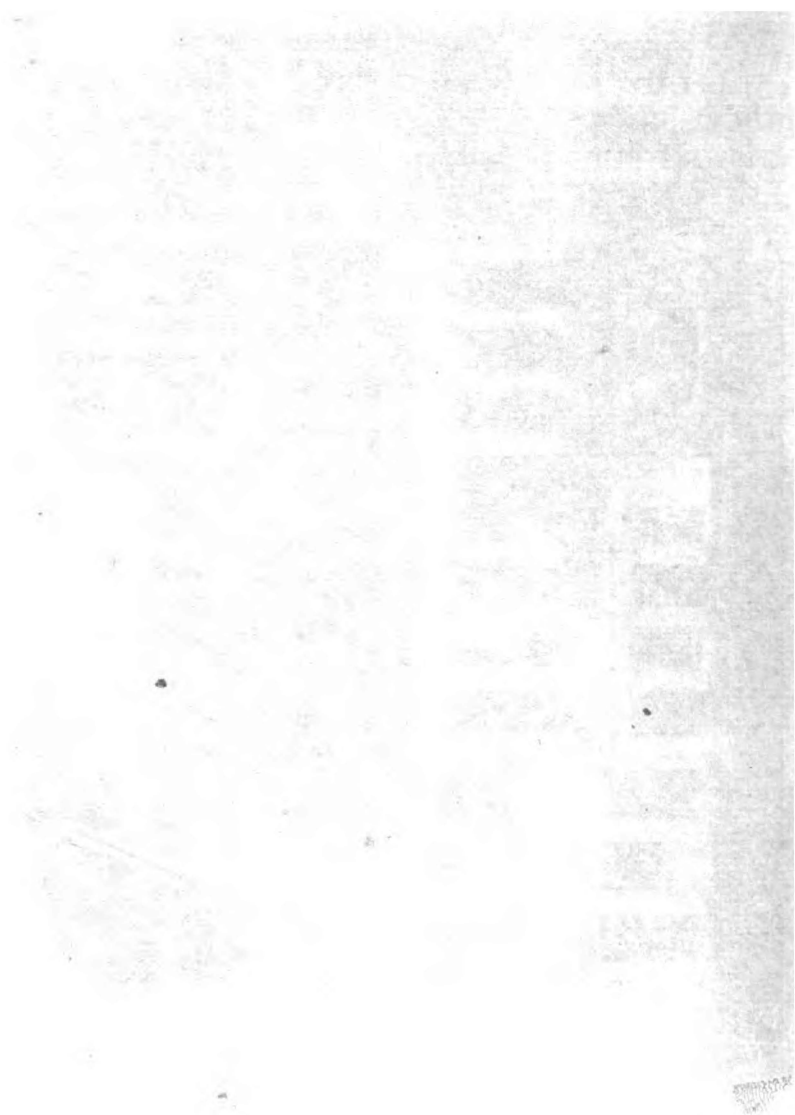
A. Exactly so, sir.

Q. You deny having written this article—who did write it?

A. Nobody, sir! I got the subject in my head, took up my composing stick, and, as I usually do, set it up without writing it.

TO KISS OR NOT TO KISS.—When a female member of the British Royal family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of nobility, and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk was on one occasion among the number of those presented to the late Princess Amelia, who, as is well known, was very deaf, "Stand by for my Lady Justice Clerk," said the man in waiting. Meanwhile some meddling person whispered him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kiss preliminary was about to be performed, when out bawled the man of office, as through a speaking trumpet, "Don't kiss her, madam—she's not a lady!"







OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

No. 9.] **PHILADELPHIA.—SEPTEMBER.** [1834.

THIRD STREET HALL.

THIS elegant and commodious establishment, of which the plate is a correct drawing, was erected during the past year by our enterprising townsmen, Enoch Middleton, Esq. It is situated on Third above Callowhill street, on a branch of the Columbia Rail-road. It contains 105 rooms, sumptuous private parlours and bath rooms, where travellers and others can be accommodated with hot or cold baths at all hours.

In the centre of the building stands the observatory, 16 feet square and 88 feet high, commanding a most extensive and delightful view of the city, the river Delaware and the surrounding country.

Two daily lines of cars depart from the door for Pittsburg via the Columbia Rail-road, as also hourly cars for Fairmount and Peters' Island.

The march of improvement in Philadelphia, is not more remarkable in any thing than in this—that the facilities for the accommodation of travellers, have increased to an extent which would, a few years back, have staggered belief. Travelling seems to increase in even a greater ratio than the facilities. Great as these are, by rail-roads and steam-boats, the locomotive propensities of our countrymen seem to keep pace or to exceed them. For every traveller ten years ago, there are one hundred now, and we are sometimes fearful the comforts and conveniences with their cheapness, will make us a nation of travellers, always in motion, and that the art will be brought to such perfection, that it will be cheaper to travel than to stay at home and pay rent—indeed we are not sure but that it is so already.

But be this as it may, very sure we are that Mr. Renshaw, who keeps Third Street Hall, Philadelphia, not only keeps it very well, but that it is away up town near Peg's run, where we should never have looked for such a thing—and where, instead of Peg's run, now runs divers and several very convenient, comfortable, tasty

and neat rail-road cars on the Penn Township rail-road, which connects with that to Columbia; so that a person may leave Mr R.'s, and go to Pittsburg without even entering the city of brotherly love—that is, if he is such a Goth as to choose so to do.

SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been,
 On the day of its first dedication,
 When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
 On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skilled
 To minister, standing before thee,
 Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled,
 And thy glory made Israel adore thee:

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then;
 Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repealed,
 But by him, unto whom it was given
 To enter the oracle, where is revealed,
 Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once entered, hath shown us the way,
 O Lord! how to worship before thee;
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
 But in spirit and truth to adore thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
 When she of Samaria found him
 By the patriarch's well, sitting weary alone,
 With the silliness of noontide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple, the homage he taught
 To her who inquired by that fountain,
 If Jehovah at Solyma's shrine would be sought;
 Or adored on Samaria's mountain!

Woman! believe me, the hour is near,
 When he, if ye rightly would hail him,
 Will neither be worshipped exclusively here,
 Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright
 Would perform the pure worship he loveth
 In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
 That spirit the Father approveth.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

JULIA GRAY,

Or the Orphan.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Never were two men much less like each other, than were two very friendly neighbours, Solomon Rayfield, and Patrick O'Doyle. In temper and in creed, these two were opposites; Solomon a Calvinist, and Patrick a Catholic, and both deemed their respective churches the very standard of truth. Solomon most prolific of tongue, and abundant in quotation from his name-sake. Patrick, who is to figure in our voracious history, moulded to unbending stiffness of language and belief, came young, from "*The sweetest Isle of the Ocean*;" and if the assertion could not be proven, I would never dare state a fact so incredible, Patrick O'Doyle was a man sententious of speech.

With adjoining fences, extended the two very neat and well cultivated farms of Rayfield and O'Doyle, both rising by rather a bold sweep from the banks of Chartier creek, a fine, clear, but noisy stream. Rayfield, with his notable wife Ruth, or Ruthy, as he called her, and their little son and daughter, were the contented inmates of one cottage, whilst Patrick O'Doyle, who gruffly muttered often between his teeth, "Never be denied again," inhabited alone, as to wife and children, a very comfortable cabin.

Facing the Rayfield and O'Doyle farms, rose another far more extensive than both put together. Rising also, by a fine acclivity from the Chartier, and spread like a painting, intentionally so disposed, swept the farm of James Gray, in full view from the front doors and windows of Rayfield cottage. James Gray, and Jane, his wife, had brought with them to Chartier, one most engaging child, a girl, Julia, by name, the daughter of her father's first wife; and they brought also, a much larger amount of money, than generally enters into the baggage of emigrants, and a prodigiously swelled sum of aristocratic consequence. The money procured the farm, and its fine set of merchant mills, from a man, who, to use a common proverb, "*Peeled an egg for another to eat*;" and the patrician manners ensured respect and hatred from their less wealthy neighbours.

For good, sound, plain, and discerning common sense, and for sterling integrity, few stood equal, and none higher, in his country, than did Solomon Rayfield; who to the duties of a Justice which were forced upon him, had to share pretty nearly every vexatious arbitration over the whole vicinity. Being of the same church and congregation, Solomon Rayfield and James Gray were brought into the same temple weekly, and their public duties as magistrates, and other *et ceteras*, brought them very frequently into contact, in other days of the week; yet between these men, friendship did not, nor could not exist. James Gray and his wife, decidedly the most wealthy couple in the two counties, were probably the most miserable pair in either, and

why? Because, gentle reader, they were exactly alike in temper; and had long ago ceased to agree in any but two things, and those were to *hate* each other, and *love* money.

Divines of all creeds, and philosophers of all schools, have, on one subject, formed a common conclusion; and that conclusion is, that riches and happiness, do not always dwell together. Now, though I am neither a divine nor a philosopher, but simply a sojourner on earth, walking over it to see what I can see, I have ventured another conclusion; that is, that wealth is not happiness, but one of the elements of happiness. While passing along the vale of life, over which sunshine and storm alternately prevail, I have found kindness of heart the only element inseparable from happiness, and have found that same element, as independent of condition, as gold is of the rubbish in which that precious metal is found.

Of the gold in the human bosom, Solomon Rayfield had his full share, and his neighbour James Gray, and Mrs. Gray his wife, not enough to reward its extraction. Though members of the same church, between two such men friendship could not exist, and even good neighbourship was performed on one side, from a sense of duty, and on the other, by a sense of interest.

The Rev. John Dancy, the spiritual guide of the Rayfield and Gray families, was the pastor of a congregation, much more remarkable for the honesty of their hearts, and the sincerity of their devotion, than for the polish of their manners. Many long years did the minister and his flock meet in harmony weekly. The only complaint against their pastor, made by anyone of these pioneers of the wilds of Chartier, was, that he was rather lavish of "*Glad Tidings*," and trusted too little to their memories. This was, however, a mere speck on the sum of love and respect, and glad were the good people to meet each other and the minister, once every week. Into this temple, not seldom, sat down also, Patrick O'Doyle, though sometimes saying playfully to his friend Rayfield, "A bee can find honey from the thorn flower."

Of all the sweet flowers ever blooming on Chartier, none other ever bloomed more lovely than Julia Gray. Lovely in childhood, she was—not in any respect "*A beauty in promise*," but every one who saw the little budding sprightly brunette, except her parents, felt, and many rapturously exclaimed, "*How Lovely!*"

Mary Layton, afterwards Mary Gray, the first wife of James Gray, and the mother of Julia, deserved a better fate than to be united to such a man, even in his best days, and survived by only a few weeks the birth of her child; falling a victim to that worst of cruelty to a fond wife—neglect—Jane Gray, once the spoiled dependent of his first, became his second wife, and effectually revenged the murdered Mary. If James Gray neglected his first wife, his second, did not neglect James Gray; and succeeded by the real terror she excited, combined with imaginary evils to unsettle a brain, harrowed thus by actual, and in his apprehension, impending misery.

James and Mary Gray, were only two of the many Rose-destroyers, and Thorn-searchers, which it has been my fortune to meet with, be-

tween the mouths of the Sabine and Passamaquoddy, and only two of the many who took ten times more pains to embitter their lives, than would have been necessary to have made them the delight of each other and of their neighbours. No man or woman was ever yet disappointed in the aim of making themselves hated, and this couple succeeded just in proportion to their respective talents: James, to be passably, and Jane, to be supremely hated. Solomon Rayfield, who never dealt in epithets of censure, only sighed when his nearest neighbours were named; but Patrick O'Doyle, though so sparing of words, and warm of heart, seldom named either husband or wife, without finishing by a "*Bad luck to them.*"

It will be only strange to those who have not reflected on the features of human society, what I am now ready to assert. All those feelings of disgust against the wealthy Grays, very seldom appeared on the surface. In the ordinary and extraordinary walks of life, all outward things were on the Gray farm clothed just as on other farms; and even the sarcastic O'Doyle, who was like many other pioneers, a little of every trade, was very often called to do jobs at Gray's; went there, did the job, got his wages, and returned to his cabin, just as he did for Solomon Rayfield, and fifty others. Stop! my young readers, and before you call this hypocrisy, wait until forty years more have passed over your head, and ten to one, but you will then call it prudence. I can tell you, between friends, that were not the affairs of the world thus conducted, the earth would be, as far as man is concerned, one great scene of discord.

To a close observer there appeared nothing of hard hearted atrocity in the character of James Gray, but he loved money, and pursued money for itself, and neglected every thing else; and amongst the rest, his own child. With a view to great profit, which was indeed in the end realised, this man was induced, much to the astonishment of even the man who led him into the engagement, to become security to a considerable amount. His intellects never of high order where his property was concerned, James Gray, the moment his name was on paper became alarmed; the sweets of sound and refreshing sleep fled his pillow, and each day and night fear increased its phantoms, until James Gray added one more name to the list of men whose minds sink to actual insanity, from the apprehension of what, in a majority of cases, never happens. At the age of forty, in ruins, was seen sitting in utter fatuity, bewailing his loss, a man who had at that time, perhaps no compeer in wealth in all western Pennsylvania. His family, and the world generally with its concerns, faded from his view, one desolating fancy remaining to render his life a terrific dream. The step-mother and protector of little Julia, we have already sketched and need not add, that tearful indeed was the path of the orphan. Muttering his fancies, and writhing under supposed wrong, the mind of James Gray took a turn in its wanderings. From childish apathy or listless indolence, frenzy succeeded. His range was now the tangled woods, where, with curses loud and fearful, and screams too dreadful for human ear, the very wild ani-

mals of the forest, and the casual being of his own species who met him in his walks, alike fled his presence.

Nature could not long support such a condition of existence, and the unearthly maledictions of James Gray, became silent. "Where is he?" demanded one neighbour of another;—none could answer. To do justice to his unworthy wife, in the case of her husband, she added not hypocrisy to want of feeling, and was amongst the last to ask, and the most indifferent to answer, "Where is he."

That question must be a very stirring one, which continues to interest any portion of the great world through one whole week, and taking their way towards oblivion, the name and fate of James Gray, had pretty nearly floated out of the little fraction of the world watered by Chartier, by the next Sunday morning after he had been seen by several persons. Sunday morning, particularly in summer, is in a country place, where friends have but one place of general meeting, a most important little era. To those not fashioned to city manners, let their individual belief be what it may, the sight must be deeply interesting, to see old and young, in decent dress, coming together in peace and harmony, free from toil, and with one voice chaunting a hymn to the AUTHOR OF ALL BEING. That hymn had rose and ceased in the Meeting House of John Dancey, and the Pastor himself, had read:

"And I find more bitter than Death, the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whose pleaseth God, shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her." *Ecclesi. vii. 26.*

In true singleness of heart the preacher took his text, in a mystical sense, intending by "*The Woman,*" the evil propensities of the human heart, but there was one hearer who received the words literally. This was Mrs. Gray, and the words, "*The woman whose heart is snares,*" was no sooner pronounced, than she had to encounter every eye in the Meeting House, who could get a sight of her, and had her ears greeted by many a heartfelt groan. How she felt, was never known by man, for the reverend gentleman had just commenced the division of his subject into five heads, with a conclusion, and the members of his congregation were adjusting their seats and their patience for a long sitting, when priest and laity were electrified, as in rushed Patrick O'Doyle, his naturally expressive features strongly agitated, and without apology or interlude, observed very deliberately, "I have found him."

Who he had found was surmised at once by all present, and as they rose from their seats, the minister merely demanded, "Where?" and O'Doyle as sentimentally replied, "In the Mill Dam." The service was at an end for that day, as all the congregation hurried after Patrick O'Doyle. The body was removed to shore, and as the Coroner of the county was accidentally present, an immediate inquest was held, one member of which was the Rev. John Dancey, and another Solomon Rayfield.

It was one instance of such an inquest, on which the members were not compelled to violate their real convictions from any mistaken

delicacy. The insanity of James Gray had been too apparent for doubt, and when the humane heart of Mr. Dancy, was powerfully affected, his language was only short of inspiration. His common prolixity disappeared, and in the case before us, a short address wrung the heart of every hearer. The utter worthlessness of wealth, as an END, and not as a MEANS, seemed to come to their souls as from the lips of Inspiration. And were not indeed the words the expression of Inspiration?

Not all the influence, however, of Mr. Dancy, Solomon Rayfield and one or two more, could procure for the remains of Gray a resting place, in what in common custom had been called his burying ground. Here a cord was touched which sounded harshly in its vibrations. "His soul is in the hands of his God, with that we dare not, we wish not to meddle," said the elders and the far greater part of the congregation ratified the decision, "But let him rest in what he called his own land."

In land once his own, and in a deep and wooded vale, not far distant from, but out of sight of all human habitation, was placed with sad, not sorrowful solemnity, the corpse of James Gray. Much of superstition then lurked, and some yet lurks along Chartier, and soon from "*Gray's Grave*," according to report, issued sounds at eve, which drove more than the strolling boy far away from where the chilled imagination could give terrible meaning to the echoing winds; and where a sight might appear, too horrible for human courage to behold. The spot, dark, tangled and lonely from nature, became deserted and desolate. Long and mournfully was pronounced "*Gray's Grave*."

"Man ought not to war with the dead," is one of those humane injunctions not in every case easy to obey. The harsh feelings of man against James Gray, would have yielded, however, to the common law of forgetfulness, had not his child remained to revive every bitter reflection on his memory. Whatever, not of kindness, for that she never enjoyed, but mitigation of hatred, Julia had experienced on the part of her step-mother during the life of her father, now vanished; and this fine child, who inherited the angelic disposition, and was a living miniature of her departed mother, had for three years to endure unremitting torture. Thus, unclothed, except in rage, unfed, except on the refuse of a kitchen, and compelled to sleep, if sleep she could, amid straw and filth, passed the years of a child entitled to a rich inheritance, the property of her mother.

On the very day of his burial, the man for whom Gray had been security, came forward and fully satisfied all present, that his engagements were fully provided for. And as soon as legal means were also provided, to give him a discharge, this man made complete settlement with, and considerably enlarged the estate.

"*What is every body's business is no one's business*," is another saying, of much more general application, than that death operates as a treaty of peace between the dead and living. It was every-day rendered more and more obvious, that Julia ought to be taken out of the hands of her persecutor. Pity is a natural

feeling, and when it leads to relief, an almost divine feeling; but pity is too often a barren waste of sympathy. Julia Gray, appeared, in despite of any commiseration felt in her favor, to be destined to rise to maturity destitute of education, and moral culture, but from this state of thralldom she seemed at once snatched by a still more dreadful fate. One evening late in autumn, she had been more than usually beaten, and driven, bruised and bitterly weeping, to her pallet of straw.

The next morning the shrill voice of Jane Gray, for the first time, failed to rouse the trembling Julia. Call after call obtained no response, and the irritated step-mother rushed into the kitchen venting threats,—but no Julia was there. Every one about the farm was roused, and the alarm that Julia Gray was missing, soon spread over the neighbourhood, but all search was in vain—not a trace of the lost girl was to be found.

The not idly terrified Jane Gray, made, for once in her life, every effort in favor of humanity, whilst her own danger became every moment more eminent. "*Murder*," first whispered, was soon audibly, and long before night, loudly sounded in her ear, and the enraged inhabitants were only calmed by her arrest.

In this moment of excessive agitation, and violently aroused passions, when this woman changing a comfortable home for a prison, and crushed by the wrath of her fellow creatures, the conduct of the Rayfield family and their next neighbour, Patrick O'Doyle, excited no small astonishment. In her extremity, Jane Gray found no friends, but she found, where and like all avaricious men, timid to extreme, she least expected, two men, and one of these a very influential man, who persisted in the opinion that she was innocent of the alleged murder.

Only those who have observed society with a scrutinizing eye, can ever perceive the singular and often very deep moral influences, operating on trials of life and death. Her true position Jane Gray could not understand, but she felt, and deeply felt her danger. In herself or in retrospect of her life no consolation offered, and in society, except those purchased by her money, one man only, Solomon Rayfield, entered her prison and spoke of hope and safety. Every legal delay under pretext of still finding alive the lost Julia, having been exhausted, the day of trial came, and with it an almost universal opinion of certain conviction.

The charge was supported by evidence entirely circumstantial, but as the trial advanced, circumstances of crimination seemed to combine with irresistible force. The defence rested on the body not being found, and on the evidence of Patrick O'Doyle. This testimony stated, that the deponent with several others had been the day before the evasion of Julia, employed in repairing some part of the mills belonging to Mrs. Gray; that a very heavy rain had so swelled the creek, that he was compelled to remain all night in Mrs. Gray's house; and that with an intention of returning home, he rose very early in the morning; and saw and spoke to Julia outside of the house. Finally O'Doyle closed by observing,

that he "Wondered not at seeing the child out of doors before day, knowing the ways of the family."

Notwithstanding the closing remark, O'Doyle's testimony was very decisive in favour of the prisoner at the bar:—but still, that a female child of eight years of age, could, in the cold and wet of November, with creeks flowing full, leave the neighbourhood, seemed next to impossible. That by some means the lost child had been drowned, became at length the settled opinion of court and audience, and also of the Jury: but with them was left the awful *yes* or *no*, did she fall by accident, or by the hand of her unnatural step-mother. Two days the trial lasted before the Jury was sent to their room, having received a brief and rather vague charge from the bench; but a charge inclining to acquittal. Two nights and one day more, did the Jury remain engaged in earnest recapitulation and comparing the testimony, and on the morning of the second day returned into court. The room and yard was crowded, yet a pin dropping would have been heard. The convulsive sobs of the woman whose life depended on two words, were the only sounds which broke the dread silence. At length the decisive "**NOT GUILTY**," was read.

If the character of man is mysterious in any one thing more than another, it is in their general conduct, in cases of acquittals on charges involving life and death. Jane Gray, pale as a statue, sat a few moments after hearing of her escape; then clasped her hands to her temples, uttered a piercing scream, and fell senseless; and in a state of infantile weakness was conveyed to her home under the care of Solomon Rayfield, who alone stood by her through the storm.

The acquittal of a Jury often prolongs life, but where a strong suspicion of blood-guiltiness fastens on the public mind, it is difficult to conceive life to be held under any other more dreadful tenure. Existence is in such cases a lingering death, and such was the case of Mrs. Jane Gray. It is true, the dews and rains of Heaven fell upon her fields, as upon the fields of others; the sun shone and the winds blew as genial upon her fields, as upon the fields of others,—her harvests, her orchards, and her stock, were no more liable to blight, mildew, or disease, than were those of her neighbours. To her well constructed and well managed mills, the adjacent inhabitants brought their grain.

In brief, if any difference in prosperity, as far as wealth was concerned, it was perceptible a more than common share fell on the Gray farm. But, still that prosperity was without soil,—a black and scowling gloom hung over the whole scene. For want of direct proof, she had not been punished as a murderess, but yet, as such was she regarded by the public, and the tone of human feeling must greatly change, before public indignation is easily or quickly appeased in any similar case. That impression which grows deeper by time, and which death alone can obliterate, was made on every heart, and "The murdered Julia," came to remembrance whenever Jane Gray, or her history came to remembrance.

So passed ten more tedious years.

* * * * *

During the most part of the intervening period of ten years, I had been absent, and only occasionally received and exchanged a letter with my old friend Rayfield, to whose house I hastened on my return. Sprigs of the almond tree had crowned the old farmer and his wife, and their daughter had become a fine young woman. My reception was cordial, the evening very fine, and the downward sun glanced his yellow beams over the hills and valleys, and over the Gray farm, which spread from us eastward a rich landscape.

"Jane Gray, is she yet living?" I demanded.

"A living death," replied Mr. Rayfield, "but friend Mark, if you have been surprised at the first part of her history, you will be more astonished at the latter. Jane Gray, is now living in the house she once called her own, under the protection of Warden Rayfield, my son, and his wife Julia, once Julia Gray."

I actually started to my feet, repeating, "Julia Gray!" and sunk back on my chair, still repeating, "Julia Gray!"

"Yes! Julia!" replied father, mother, and daughter together; "The supposed murdered Julia, is now the matron of yonder mansion, and our beloved, daughter and sister."

"Can such glad tidings be true?" I responded, as soon as I recovered from my trance of astonishment.

"Yes! true," replied the whole family together, "as the ways of God are just," and continued Mr. Rayfield, "we have yet time to pass over events ending so heart-pleasing, before supper."

I sat a statue of attention, and the old historian proceeded.

"You no doubt remember the little Julia, and the mysterious circumstances attending her disappearance, and also the trial of Jane Gray. The real facts of the case were only known to the persons here present, to our son Warden, and to Patrick O'Doyle. Before I proceed to relate those facts, I must do justice to that man; by saying, that very few men, educated or uneducated, ever exceeded him in cool, determined courage, of course in presence of mind; and farther, none can exceed him in purity of purpose. You recollect that it was his evidence that saved Jane Gray from conviction, by deposing that the saw and spoke to Julia, on the morning of her disappearance."

That morning was one we had all too much reason to remember, to admit our forgetting the appearance of nature. The moon had passed the full about two days, but the sky was overcast, therefore, it was one of those mornings which prevents us from distinguishing day break. Patrick then in Mrs. Gray's house, I have no doubt providentially detained there, awaked long before day, but not being able to distinguish musky moon light from twilight, though the day had dawned and rose in order to return to his own house. The room he slept in was only divided by a plank partition from the pallet of poor Julia, and we suppose, that the noise he necessarily made, roused the poor distressed girl, and that in the alarm she thought only of her step-mother,—but be that as it may, she started up and rushed frantically from the house, pursued by the astonished O'Doyle, she

took the road directly towards Chartier, and towards this house. Such was the effect of her terror that she very closely approached the still foaming creek, before the really active O'Doyle could overtake and seize her in his arms. His voice did not fall kindly on her ear for the first time, and it now came soothingly to her beating heart, as her waking senses returned. He folded her to his manly breast, and in place of bearing her back to her step-mother, dashed through the creek and bore her into this house. We were all up and around the dripping man and child in a few moments, and had a fire kindled before O'Doyle commenced his explanation, which closed with the most bitter "*bad luck to her*," that I ever heard him express.

When I remember the condition of the suffering child, christian charity seems extinct in my breast. When bereft of her wet, to put on dry and warm clothing, her tender limbs showed one series of wounds and stripes.

My own share in the affairs of Julia Gray, so long accounted for by the public, by every suggestion but the true one, was even a mystery to my family and O'Doyle, at the moment of her evasion, but you will soon receive what will convince you of the correctness of my proceedings. When my real motives were disclosed to the public in this vicinity, some few there were who condemned, but applause came from the far greater number, and what is of infinitely more consequence to me, I have a self-approving and I firmly believe a God approving conscience.—But let us proceed.

So long and so bitterly had Julia suffered every species of hardship, and hunger not even did she escape, that she seemed to devour some warm milk and bread, and in a few moments fell into a sound sleep on the lap of my wife. If our feelings had not been most powerfully enlisted in her cause, our excitement would have been roused to the utmost while looking on her angel face, as she seemed to repose in gladness. A voice went to my inmost soul, saying, "That child is given to thy care."

"And as far as strength is given me," I inwardly breathed, the trust shall be faithfully fulfilled."

My purpose was instantly formed, and I knew Patrick O'Doyle too well to conceal from him that purpose, and I observed, "Julia must not be returned to her."

"Returned," vehemently interrupted O'Doyle, "No, I'd take her on my back myself and beg before—bad luck to her."

"I have reasons," I replied, "which I cannot explain, for what I am to propose,—Julia must be concealed and taken out of this part of the country. I then detailed the plan of proceeding, which as I came to a close, O'Doyle with one of his inimitable expressions of face, muttered—

"Mother Gray will be"—and pausing a moment, finished by, "She deserves it, come what will."

His thought flashed on us all, and in one breath responded, by completing O'Doyle's prediction, "Will be charged with murder," which I, however, carried out by exclaiming, "so let her be charged, the charge will be only for

what she has morally committed. Well then she deserve all the terrors of even a conviction for a crime, it is evident she has no compunction against committing; and we have the means in our hands to snatch the child from the grasp of Jane Gray, and in the last extremity save herself from death, if even convicted."

I then proceeded to arrange matters; secretly, it was merely and indeed scarcely necessary to enjoin. We had long been preparing to send my son Warden to Princeton, within a few miles of which resided a farmer in good circumstances, and a very particular friend of myself and family, and also a cousin of Mary Layton, the mother of Julia. To this man and his wife, I was determined to confide Julia, and never was confidence better placed. For the moment, however, we were put to our utmost resources to carry our design into effect, as, while we were concerting measures, and still before day actually broke, all was uproar at Gray's. Very seldom had poor Julia been permitted to rest on her wretched pallet at open day, and this morning the shrill voice of Jane Gray in a louder and louder key, calling Julia, at length actually reached our ears. Not a moment was to be lost, and we were admirably aided by the cool O'Doyle, who snapping his fingers exclaimed,

"Do you fix things; I'll go over there," and away he was like an arrow. We hastily conveyed the little sleeper to an upper room with my daughter to watch over her, and I then followed O'Doyle.

One of the first exclamations made by Jane Gray, when Julia was first missed was, "where is O'Doyle?"—and when the man himself made his appearance with a face expressing, "what is the matter here?"—the now almost distracted woman ran to meet him crying, "Julia oh! Julia," and oh! Mr. O'Doyle, did you see nothing of Julia?"

O'Doyle stopping short, and with a stare, which no man but an Irishman, ever could assume, after a long breath answered her by repetition.

"Julia—Julia—what of her?"

"Mr. O'Doyle what time did you rise?"

"What time did I rise?" replies O'Doyle, as if in the utmost surprise at the question—"why this morning, shure."

"Oh! heavens, Mr. O'Doyle, did you see nothing of Julia?"

"Did I see nothin of Julia? sartin what could I see of the chile? To be plain Mistress Gray, these are strange questions; an to be more plain Madam, if I d'dnt see you I heard you put'n her to bed last night.—Sure you ought to know better than me, how she got out of it."

The first part of this reply was too much for the terrified woman; the close she heard not, but it was not wasted in air, as a number of the neighbours had already arrived, and others every moment appearing, and just as O'Doyle closed to him rather lengthy ejaculations, and I came close to where he was standing, a hoarse and very angry voice was heard.

"She knows very well what has become of her husband's child," and in a tone still more

loud and angry, another voice rose, "If Julia Gray is not found, and alive and well, Jane Gray shall be found."

I now exerted myself to turn every attention to search, but long ere noon I found it necessary to keep Mrs. Gray under my own protection, and within her own house. From the decent and reflecting part of the crowd, she had no personal danger to fear, but there were on the ground numerous very different characters, and some half intoxicated, whose threats were not to be disregarded, or easily resisted, and in fact, there were but two men present, O'Doyle and myself, who did not agree in opinion that Julia was murdered. We, you are aware, could not, and myself in an especial manner, as you will see, disclose the truth, without an utter abandonment of our plans. Under the necessity of protecting Jane Gray, I was relieved from what I must know was a fruitless search, but about two in the afternoon, a very serious reflecting though plain man, and a justice of the peace called me to one side, and then observed solemnly,—

"Mr. Rayfield I am dreading every moment to hear that the body of Julia Gray is found, and if it is, and covered with the rags, in which she was usually exposed, that miserable woman will be torn to pieces, and all of us, who wish to leave her to the laws of God and man, will not be able to prevent her destruction." And again, after a long pause he finished in a still more solemn tone, "I dread evening any how."

"She shall be got out of the way," I replied, and hastened into the house and into the room which Mrs. Gray was pacing in little short of distraction. Strange as it may appear, it was on me and me alone she depended for relief or safety in her danger, and in my presence became calm, and passive. It was no time for either delay or misplaced delicacy, and in few words I told her soothingly, that I did not myself join in the charge of murder, but that I could not restrain an enraged multitude, and that her only chance of protection was under the arm of legal authority. She submitted even thankfully, and the man who suggested its necessity made out a warrant, and she was put in custody of a constable.

"Now occurred again another of those mysterious illustrations of human character. It was no sooner known that Mrs. Jane Gray was in the custody of even a common constable under a simple warrant, than threats against her ceased, and late in the afternoon, the county sheriff arrived and the wretched victim of her own cruelty was led from her home to a prison."

"Yes! I see by your looks Mark Bancroft, that you think the affair was carried too far, but I think otherwise, and I must explain another one to my share of the proceedings. Between myself and James Gray, there never was friendship, but on his part towards me there was confidence. In full health, and in complete exercise of his unimpaired faculties, many years before his death, he came to with me a request to draw his will, and to be named as sole executor. To draw up the will, I readily consented, but to be executor I did not consent without much persuasion. But I did consent, and the

will was duly executed, and deposited in my hands. Three very respectable men of the county were witnesses. I kept an open copy.

On this will was endorsed, an order, that it should not be opened until Julia Gray, the daughter of the testator was eighteen years of age complete; or in case of her death, or lastly, by consent of the executor, in open court. A second endorsement named me, as also I had been named within, whole and sole executor. In the endorsements no allusion was made to Jane Gray, the second wife.

But to me as matters turned out, and until the will would be opened and its contents made public, only known to me, James Gray by an inconsistency too common in wills, left the custody of his daughter to the full control of her step-mother. Being the only person acquainted with the provisions of the will, and knowing the inextricable legal disputes that would follow a disclosure of the existence of Julia, or the opening of the will on the supposition of her death, and farther, that every humane and prudent consideration regarding the orphan urged her being kept out of the power of her step-mother, I had the important paper deposited as the law directed, after the death of the father, and used my authority to prevent its being opened until the period would pass at the end of which Julia would reach her full age of eighteen, urging the possibility of her being alive, as no direct proof of her death had been produced. Mrs. Jane Gray could not oppose any serious opposition to this course without advancing on the assumption of the death of her step-daughter, which, if she had done, the whole mine of latent suspicion against her would have been blown into a flame; therefore, she was compelled to let matters rest.

Some informality there might have been in all these proceedings, yet not such as to superinduce injustice, but on the contrary, to secure the reverse. Jane Gray was left in possession of the estate, but under my eye; and regarding herself as ultimate and full heiress, she administered it well. She was indeed left to the management of her affairs, as her house was, except by her servants and work people, a solitude. On her brow and in her heart sat cankering, devouring care with sleepless wakefulness. Before her keen sense appeared two impending casualties, to her alike dreadful. She shared with the public, the opinion that Julia had been actually drowned, of course shuddered at the consequences to herself of the fact being by any means rendered certain; for though she well knew she could not be again brought before a court of justice, for the offence, yet that popular vengeance would be again roused. The latter danger she had frequent causes to apprehend, by murmurs which reached her ear from time to time.

In almost any supposable case, except that of Jane Gray, in which a woman endured the suspicion of having murdered her husband's child, the reappearance of that child in life must have been hailed by the suspected party as a benefaction from heaven, but such were the peculiar intricacies of guilt and ruin which environed Jane Gray, that it was doubtful to me, and I had more means of comprehending her struggles

than any other person which she most dreaded, the certainty of the life or death of Julia. We leave her now, however, to the inflictions of remorse, shame, and never dying or sleeping anxiety, and follow the footsteps of the object of her fears.

I have already mentioned, that at the time of the disappearance of Julia, we were preparing to send our son Warden to Princeton College, a circumstance very happily well known in our neighborhood, therefore, on the fourth night after the catastrophe, my son with the little charge were far on their way before day break. With letters from me, by diligence they both reached safely the house of my friend Ringwood Layton, in New Jersey. This truly honest and good man had a wife deserving such a husband, and before two days were over little Julia was deep in the affections of both; they were themselves childless. To this worthy couple I disclosed the whole history of Julia. Between Mr. Layton and my son, it was arranged that Julia should pass under the name of her mother Mary Layton, and as an orphan relation of Ringwood Layton. This latter was true in fact. Warden was fixed at Princeton, and little Mary soon as happy as infant innocence, health, and kind treatment could make her, became the cherished child at Ringwood farm.

Except the trial of Mrs. Gray, which was as I have already stated delayed as long as law would admit, ten more years passed away. With us here on Charter, the ordinary incidents of life only came and went to mark the passing time. In the vacations, Warden retired to Ringwood, and by his letters and those of Mr. Layton, we learned with unmixed delight the progress of Mary.

"The little spirit" says Layton in one of his letters, "she is by turns a bee, an angel, and a sky lark—she is sometimes all three at once. By the hands of a travelling painter, I have had her drawn at her spinning wheel, yes! at her wheel, for she would have one, and declares it is the finest buzzing play thing she ever saw. By the first good chance you shall have the picture—we have what is worth ten thousand such pictures"—and so he ran on, and we were made glad by many more of his letters.

The most strict injunctions were laid on all parties, to avoid before Mary any allusion to her real history, and as years of joy and gladness past, the incidents of her unhappy infancy faded and became dim. Of her father she had lost all recollection, and her step-mother, well remembered, appeared as an infuriate wretch to which in her orphan state she had been exposed. The objects of either joy or sorrow imprinted on our infant minds, is perhaps never obliterated, though in after years we cannot give them restored being in our recollections. It was observed of Julia Gray, that any harsh expression made in her bearing fell so heavily on her mind as to long depress her spirits, and that she shrank with disgust and horror from any woman, in any manner resembling her step-mother. From fourteen to seventeen she was sent to Bethlehem, where she could hear no sounds but those of kindness and harmony—where she saw no figures to recall her

terrors;—and where she learned only what was useful, ornamental and elevating to learn. At her home at Ringwood, again she met only tenderness.

Long before Julia had completed her eighteenth year, and before Warden Rayfield had completed or would consent that he had completed his studies, we learned, at first indeed with pain, that the feelings of cousins as they called each other, had taken a far more serious turn, and deeper intensity. From his lisping childhood, I had endeavoured by kindness and attention to him as a rational being to secure the confidence of my son, and in this instance I received his full confidence.

"My father, he observed in one of his letters my situation with—you know. Was she really, the destitute, but virtuous and amiable, Mary Layton, all would be plain before us—But, lovely, accomplished and wealthy as Julia Gray—would to heaven she was restored to her rights, and knew her real condition. From a sense of duty, I have been compelled to fly far from her. I have not seen her for weeks. She thinks me—yes, a monster. Her protectors cannot explain. And—but." Here he entered on another subject. To this letter I answered.

"My son, pursue the path of true honor, of religion.—Be patient, and all may be yet to your wish. A few months, and Mary Layton, will become Julia Gray." In due time I received an answer to the preceding, requesting our consent to a journey into Virginia, in company with a young gentleman and fellow student. The conclusion of this letter ran thus: "I have not strength to meet the trial, nor had I such fortitude, I ought not to be present." Our consent was given, and in the same month Warden Rayfield set out for Virginia, and Mary Layton for Charter.

It was in the fall of the leaf, when as in death, a smile played over the pale visage of nature, and in early October, that the silver locks of Ringwood Layton, and the dark locks and sweet blue eyes of Mary Layton were seen at our humble board. As we sat down to our domestic supper, the evening of their arrival, "Thank the All Disposer," ejaculated the worthy old man, "my charge is returned safe into the hands of her best earthly friends," and casting a knowing glance at my wife and myself continued, "As soon as possible after the twelfth of this month, I must set out on my return," laying great emphasis on the word *twelfth*.

Poor Mary, as we still continued to call her, had been just so far informed of her own history, as to know that the same twelfth day of October was her birthday, and that her next birthday was the completion of her eighteenth year. When Mr. Layton proposed therefore, to remain with us until the said twelfth, Mary very naturally supposed, what was indeed most true to an extent she little conceived, regarded the delay as an affectionate attention to her, tremulously exclaimed "dear uncle"—could say no more, but her tears spoke gratitude.

Little surmising of how immense an importance was this twelfth of October, Mary Layton retired to rest. To me I must confess, it was not a night of rest. Sleep fled my pillow.

The whole circumstances of the Gray family, and my own responsibility, passed in review. Though in a retrospection, I could remember nothing exciting self reproach; yet I could not repress a feverish anxiety on account of the now noble woman, the once bruised, bleeding, and shivering child brought under my roof and protection, by means so extraordinary and attended with such striking circumstances. The future also offered images darkly seen, but of fearful presence. In a few days the stranger Mary Layton would be changed to the wealthy Julia Gray, and my son—thus revolving the past and present passed the night.

The next morning opened and presented all the rich garb of an American autumn, but it was visible to my family and friends, that my mind had been harassed. My looks were no doubt care speaking, and to their kind inquiries, I replied, as I laid my Bible on the table, and as all sat down around me, I observed, "This will restore my spirits." I then gave out and we chanted together that song which no sceptic could ever hear unmoved, the twenty-third Psalm.

After the morning duties, and our breakfast was over, I called the whole group into the room in which we are now sitting, and setting Mary Layton beside myself, and pointing to the fine eastern landscape in the midst of which beautiful picturespread the Gray farm. Whilst Mary whose taste of the works of nature and rural scenery was exquisite, had her eyes and mind fixed on the scene before her, I opened a roll of paper, observing I had a short tale I wished to read. All was attentive and I in a slow and solemn tone read a narrative of the events I have now related. As the reading advanced, the mind of Mary was withdrawn from the seductive landscape, and her every faculty enchaind by the history of Julia. She actually forgot the place where she then sat, and followed the path of the suffering child. I had adopted her own real name. At length she raised her streaming eyes to Heaven, and then leaned on her hands. Thick and crowding came her recollections. She seemed to be awakening from a lengthened dream to reality. Her lips moved, but she interrupted me not, though long before my reading was closed, she was fully convinced that she was the Julia Gray of my tale.

As I closed and was dropping the roll on the table, she fell on her knees leaning on mine, breathing, "oh I have indeed been a brand plucked from the fire." And again, but inaudibly to us she sent her thanks to where they were heard.

From a situation really too painfully delightful to be long supported, we were relieved by another face peeping in at the door. It was the rough but kindly expressive visage of Patrick O'Doyle, who had been thus long purposely kept out of sight. It has been long observed, that the human eye is not only the window but the sun of the human heart. The intervening years, which had greatly changed myself and my wife and daughter, and even our house, had, except changing a few of his hairs to grey, made very few changes on O'Doyle. With her recollections enlivened by the reading of my pa-

per, the moment Julia saw O'Doyle, she almost screamed his name, and in a moment more her arms was clasped round her manly preserver.

After some order had been restored, O'Doyle with a sarcastic smile, observed "Feth that's more than I expected, and much more than I got this mornin over the creek."

"What did you get over the creek this morning Patrick?" I replied.

"First," says Patrick, "I got a message, while at the mill, that madam wanted to spake to me, and by good luck I wanted to spake to her, so I went up wid my bat in my hand. 'Good mornin Mither O'Doyle, says she. Oh! I always know when this Mither comes that a secret is fished for, and I bowed as much as to say, 'your will Mithress Gray.' 'Mither O'Doyle,' says she, 'I'm tould that there's a lady arrived at Mr. Rayfields.'"

"A young lady," says I, looking at her.

"Yes, says she, a young lady, and they say her name is Mary Layton."

"Mary Layton, Mary Layton, says I, studying a bit wid my hand to my ear, and then tould her, looking full in her face, 'Aye to be shure that's her name, and Mithress Gray, says I, in my turn, wast'nt that the name of Mr. James Gray's first wife?—But my consins I saw the madam had no notion to give secret for secret, but seemed willin to give me something else I didn't want, an I made a step or two backwards towards the road, for she had a purty stout stick in her hands. Still bating my retrate, I says 'Oh madam no offence I hope, but they say that the young lady at Mither Rayfields is as like as two paise to the first Mithress Gray—a relation may be.' But before I askt the last question of myself, I was by myself in the big-road; and says I again to myself, Mithress Gray, you'll soon know all about it, you will."

Under the excuses of fatigue and indisposition, neither being altogether confounded, Julia was kept as far as possible out of sight; but so penetrating is curiosity, and so vague popular report, that the week after her arrival had not passed, until it was over the whole adjacent country, that a relation of the first Mrs. Gray was come forward to claim the estate under some plea that it came by and remained in their legal heirs of the first wife. Though in all the varied shapes of such reports, flying from mouth to mouth, strange it was, not a surmise of the real truth was formed. The strong resemblance, I verily believe reported by O'Doyle to torture Mrs. Gray, and the unity of names, was base enough for this invented pyramid.

We found on this occasion, how deep and enduring had been the impression on the public mind of the actual murder of Julia, and the equally strongly impressed confidence, that Providence would in fitting time, reveal the crime and bring to punishment the perpetrator. And by a very natural operation of that sense of justice so salutary to human society, I verily believe Mrs. Gray was protected in great part from personal violence, she being regarded as the reserved victim of vengeance.

As reports were crossing, and often contradicting each other, the eventful twelfth passed, and I sought a meeting with Mrs. Gray, in presence

of the two surviving witnesses to her husband's will. She received us with much formality, and in ill concealed anger and trepidation. Before I could state my errand, she observed, "Mr. Rayfield, I am told that there is now residing at your house a young woman of the same name with James Gray's first wife."

"In my house," I replied, "at this time there is residing a young woman who came there under the name of Maria Layton."

"And to claim my estate!" sharply responded Mrs. Gray.

There was so much of truth in this indirect demand, that under the circumstances I was compelled to give an evasive answer, but in as mild a tone as I could assume, I observed—

"Mrs. Jane Gray, that young lady came to my house with no such intention, but if she had come there with such views, that would have nothing to do with our present business." I now fixed my eyes firmly on her face and continued, "you know that as soon as possible after the twelfth day of October, which would have completed the eighteenth year of Julia Gray, that her father's will is to be opened. That day has now nearly arrived."

If you can picture a woman past middle age, never very good looking even when young, and whose whole frame, and visage agitated by the worst of passions and remorseful recollections, you may have a faint image in your mind of Mrs. Jane Gray, who sat before us silent as death.

To all requisite arrangements she assented, and in due time, the, to all parties, awful morning dawned, clear and fine and bracing and the sun rose and shone with an enlivening warmth, and splendour, as if crime, or even the imaginings of crime, had never existed. Guilt trembles and shudders at the aspect of such a crisis, and even innocence itself, cannot encounter unmoved such a change in the current of life. It demanded all our support to uphold Julia, as the decisive moment approached.

The fact that James Gray's will was to be opened, spread far and wide, and except to see Jane Gray herself led to what most of her acquaintance thought she deserved, no other event could have collected a larger crowd. Almost literally before ten in the forenoon, the population for many miles round, was poured into the country seat of —.

This intensity of feeling and of curiosity, was, I am on reflection inclined to think, much increased by some incautious expressions of my family, or of O'Doyle; as the idea, though vague, almost universally prevailed amongst the people present, that the opening of the will of her father, would in some inscrutable manner reveal the fate of Julia Gray.

The usual formalities gone through, the seals of the important document were broken and it was read in open court.

This will commenced by stating that the testator James Gray, stood indebted to Mary Layton, with whom he intermarried, for all his property; acknowledging that he the said James Gray was, previous to his first marriage, destitute of property; and then stated the justice of vesting the bulk of his fortune on his daughter,

by the said Mary, and her legal heirs, which was then formally done.

To his second wife he directed the payment of an annuity of three hundred dollars, during her life, if she remained unmarried.

In case of the death of Julia Gray, without lawful issue, before the age of eighteen, then the whole property with trifling exceptions was to pass to and be vested in his second wife, as he had no connexion of his own to which he was willing to make out such bequest.

Some other dispositions followed, but which as matters eventuated fell of themselves, I may merely observe that the whole testament being read, a pause of several minutes followed, at the end of which, a middle aged, harsh visaged lawyer rose, the attorney of Jane Gray, who in a speech of some length, expatiated on the long persecutions his client had sustained; endeavouring to maintain that the demise of Julia Gray ought to be assumed as proven; finally demanded probat of the will in favour of Jane Gray.

To this speech our attorney, an old, very mild, but shrewd man replied, by addressing the court, to the following purport.

"We on our side are as anxious, as can be the learned gentlemen on the other side, to terminate the persecutions of Mrs. Gray, as he has been pleased to term them. In this good work we therefore enter zealously. But before probat of this last will and testament is granted, we must claim the right of calling in testimony to render the death of Julia Gray, at least doubtful.

This was granted, and Patrick O'Doyle was called.

With rather a mischievous cast of face O'Doyle presented himself, and was sworn according to the rites of his church.

In his rich brogue, but in a clear manner and voice, he gave a distinct and concise narrative of the manner in which Julia escaped, and his own share in her safety.

As this testimony disclosed a totally unexpected turn in affairs, and established the altogether unexpected fact, that Julia was still alive, the agitation became so great, that the judge was forced to rise and address the audience. He procured the utmost attention by observing, that the people were excusable in their emotion, but were in its expression defeating their own object. After the judge resumed his seat, respiration seemed suspended. O'Doyle was directed to retire, and Solomon Rayfield called and sworn.

My testimony in substance was what you have heard, and even more in detail than given to the court, as I there stated nothing, but what was absolutely necessary. When I reached the point of time at which it was requisite to bring Julia forward to claim her inheritance, I paused a moment from the excess of my own feelings. The pause was too much for the audience, who by an impulse which no judge could punish by even a look of reproach, exclaimed as if by one voice, "Where is Julia Gray?"

The judge and myself both cast imploring looks over the assembled crowd, and all was again the most noiseless attention. My heart was indeed ready to burst, and after several at-

tempts to resume my deposition, I sunk into a chair which had been provided for me, but which I had hitherto refused to occupy.

Our attorney then handed a slip of paper to the sheriff, who in a steady and solemn voice called Julia Gray.

Vain indeed would it be for me to attempt any description of the effect this name produced. As Julia came forth from the public house adjacent, attended by my wife and daughter, and several other female friends, we expected a tumultuous expression of public feeling, but that feeling was too real for noise, and was far more impressively shown by deep silence or repressed exclamations. The crowd parted as if by one impulse, and gave free space to the female group. There was indeed a something indescribably sublime in the low, tremulous, and scarce audible repetition of "Julia Gray, that is Julia Gray, between Mrs. Rayfield and her daughter," breathed every one to themselves, as only one object was thought of. The human heart felt as if a beatified spirit had returned to partake again of human life. Julia was veiled until she reached a chair by my side. She trembled violently, but the touch and presence of her father as she fondly called me, gradually restored her firmness, and throwing back her veil, was in the act of rising, when the judge himself, who had been acquainted with her mother from infancy, in inutterable astonishment, lost for a moment all recollection of his situation, started to his feet, exclaiming "Maria Layton!—Maria Layton!—thy sainted spirit watcheth over thy child." They stood intensely regarding each other sometime, when both sunk back into their seats.

It is really Julia Gray, now ran in murmurs through the crowd, followed by a about which shook the judgment seat, and then by another and another. All legal interferences would have been vain, nor was such interference necessary, as all again subsided to respectful silence.

Where was, I know you are now ready to ask the fallen woman? forgotten I may reply in this moment of excitement, and fallen, truly fallen. The foul stain of murder was removed from her name—but fortune, fame, and human sympathy, were gone from her forever. To earth she could turn in vain, and to Heaven with dread. During the testimony of O'Doyle and my own, she sat like a frozen corpse, and remained unmoved until the impressive acknowledgment of Julia came from the bench. Then casting a despairing and desolating gaze around her, she clinched her hands in agony. But even Jane Gray in her extremity found one sympathizing bosom in her woe. What bosom say you?—The bosom of her injured daughter, for daughter in its best and highest meaning did Julia Gray become to her father's widow. As the tearless eyes of Mrs. Gray unable to meet a pitying return, she was clasped to the heart of her step-daughter. The act was instantaneous and unexpected; the court was dismissed, and if an angel in reality had shed his wings over the broken hearted woman; those wings could not have more effectually protected her from insult than did the slender arms of Julia.

The close of the drama is soon told, Julia was put into possession of her fine estate. Her step-mother from the opening of the will, became an altered, subdued, and totally changed woman. Her harsh and obdurate spirit was broken. In to the world she could not have gone; the breasts of her fellow creatures were shut against her. She felt her lonesomeness, and she felt that safety from sneer, insult, and violence could be found only under the protection of her husband's child, and that protection she has truly found.

Here Mr. Rayfield paused—"Your son Warden?" I inquisitively exclaimed.

"Oh yes!" replied Mr. Rayfield smiling, "my son Warden was at length thought of, but it is a fact that his name was never once alluded to by Julia, until some days after the final restoration of her rights. In the mean time, my wife and daughter, were not so immersed in legal affairs, as to forget they had a son and brother. Julia remained with us, whilst O'Doyle was preparing her house, sitting one day with my daughter, when a letter from her brother was put into her hand. Sarah turned to the window and while reading became much affected, and at length unmindful that she had a hearer ejaculated in a low and mournful tone, "My brother."

Julia clasped my daughter in her arms and responded, "Your brother does not forget you." Sarah raised her eyes to the face of her friend, and earnestly replied, "No! forget me no—nor any one else he ever loved."

"Oh had I but a brother," replied Julia, pathetically as she resumed her seat.

Women seem to intuitively reach the true sentiments of each other. Warden got a reply to his letter which soon brought him to Charter—and—yonder comes Warden, and his Julia, and our Julia, over the meadow. MARK BANCROFT.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

IN MEMORY

OF MY KINSMAN—JAMES ROSE.

In the morning of youth he has gone to the grave,
While life was still glowing before him,
He sleeps with the honor'd, the gifted and brave,
And sorrow is bending o'er him.

With a mind that never to meanness bow'd,
Adorned with the gifts of nature,
He walked erect in the world's great crowd,
In the pride of his noble stature.

With a heart as warm as the hearts in Heaven,
His friendship ever was cherish'd;
And a nobler nature never was given,
Alas! that so soon he perished.

'Till he fell, no tear had ever been shed
By the friends that dearly lov'd him,
For they honor'd him living—they honor him dead,
For those who knew him, had proved him.

Had he lived till time had honor'd his name,
In the paths of honor and glory,
He might have dwelt in the temple of fame,
And shone on the page of story.

But alas! in youth, he has gone to the grave,
While life was still glowing before him,
He sleeps with the honor'd, the gifted and brave,
And sorrow is weeping o'er him. MILFORD BARD.

Written for the Casket.
GUATIMOSIN.

"He was succeeded by his nephew Guatimosin, who for a while made a vigorous opposition to the assaults of Cortez. After a noble defence he was taken prisoner; but not until he had previously caused all his treasures to be thrown into the lake. Being put to the torture to make him discover his riches, he bore with invincible fortitude the refined cruelties of his tormentors. While extended upon burning coals he exclaimed, "Am I reposing on a bed of flowers?"

Unawed the captive stood before
The haughty chief of Spain;
Instead of royal robes, he wore
The flesh-consuming chain.
The spirit of the King remained,
Though oozing blood his fetters stained.
Still firm, and unsubdued;
His brow no sign of grief betrayed,
And calmly, his dark eyes surveyed
The steel-clad multitude.

The instruments of torture nigh
No thrill of dread awoke;
And fixing on the chief his eye,
With energy he spoke
While bitter thoughts convulsed his brow.
"Since to my bleeding country now
I can no aid impart;
Unsheath the dagger by your side,
With the life-blood of thousands dyed,
And pierce this aching heart!"

"But yesterday, my battle-blade
Proved fatal to the foe;
And millions willingly obeyed
My beck, an hour ago;
A crownless captive now I stand,
The sceptre wrested from my hand
Inhuman chief by thee!
The spirit from this tortured frame,
Which neither bars nor bolts can tame,
Is panting to be free.

"Proud King! I will unbind thy chain,"
The cruel conqueror said,
"The crown of Empire shall again
Be placed upon thy head,
If those rich treasures are revealed
Which you have long from me concealed;
But if you rashly dare
Refuse, your treasures to disclose;
On burning coals you shall repose
By all the saints, I swear.

"When famine aided by the brand,"
The fearless King replied,
"Unnerved each bold defender's hand;
When every street was dyed
Of our great capital, with blood,
And vultures came in flocks for food,
My treasures vast, were thrown
By my command, into the sea;
Go, bid the wave give up to thee
Its gold and precious stone!"

The Spanish leader's cheek grew red,
Then darker grew his brow,
And sternly to his men he said,
"Bring blazing faggots now!"
The stake-bound victim trembled not
When fire to torture him, was brought,
With changeless brow he gazed
On those who thronged to see him die;
And calmly spoke, while haughtily
His fettered hand he raised.

"The glowing ember, not one thrill
Of dread, awakes in me,
Unfeeling man! my spirit still
Is unsubdued and free.
Ye cannot bend the chainless mind,
Although in cruel deeds refined;
When raged the battle storm,
This bosom hath been freely bared,
Undaunted I have often dared
Death in his sternest form."

"If thou wilt with those lips of pride,
Tell where thy treasures are;"
The Spaniard with a frown replied
"Your life I yet may spare."
Stretching on the coals, the monarch said,
"Of rose-leaves you have made my bed,
For treasures ask the wave!"
Old Sparta with her dazzling host
Of dauntless heroes, cannot boast
Of one more truly brave. AVON HARB.

But Balwer in his new work, the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, describing the children of the "Ideal," gives the subjoined

"SKETCH OF BYRON."

And he, the erring great and dimly wise,
O'er whom stern Judgment, while it censures, sighs;
"The young, the beautiful"—whose music cast
A haunting echo where his shadow past,
And with a deep, yet half disdainful, air
Chained to his wandering home the world's mute
heart;
Was he not thine—all thine?—his failings, powers,
Faults, fame, and all that make his memory ours?
Not in this world his life; he breathed an air,
It's light thy hope—it's vapor thy despair.
If earthlier passion, snake-like crept within—
If strong suspicion, nursed ungenial sin—
If his soul shrunk within one sickly dream,
Till self became his idol as his theme.
Yet, while we blame, his mournful image chides,
As if we wronged the memory of a friend.
As moonlight sways the trouble of the tides,
Wild minstrel, didst thou sway the soul, and blend
Thyself with us as in a common cause;
And when thy wayward heart its rest had won,
The eternal course of nature seemed to pause;
We stood stunn'd—shocked; thy very life had grown
A part—a power—a being of our own!

Oh, who shall tell what comforts yet were thine,
In the lone darkness of the unwatchful mind?
What time thou stood'st beside the rushing Rhine,
Or heard, through Nero's towers, the moaning wind;
Or watch'd the white moon, in thy younger day,
O'er shrunk Ilyseus shed the dreaming ray?
Victim and votary of the ideal, none
Shall sound their joys, or measure thy despair!—
The harp is shattered, and the spirit gone,
And half of heaven seems vanished from the air!

Yet still the murmurs of the Adrian sea
Shall blend with Tasso's song wild thoughts of thee:
Thy shade shall gloom through old Ravenna's lair
"Till even the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer,"
And when the future, envious of the past,
Shall break the Argive's iron sleep at last,
Thy reverent name the Albanian youth shall keep—
Thy shape shall haunt the Ionian maiden's sleep—
Thy song shall linger by the Oread's hill,
By Love's own isle, and Music's ancient rill:
And one gay halo, all unknown before,
Crest the dear wastes by Missolonghi's shore!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE GREAT WEST,*As it was sixty years past; or on the eve of the American Revolutionary War.*

Bred on the Indian frontier, and an eye witness to the advance of White, and destruction of Indian population, and in the decline of life, when the far greater number of those in whose fate or fame my feelings were ever enlisted, are gone to their rest,—I hope I may speak freely. In my youth long before the most distant idea was conceived of writing on the subject, it had struck me repeatedly, that one material error prevailed, as regarded the Indian population of the Ohio valley, and that was, that their numbers were most enormously exaggerated. "What has become of the Indians?" is a question proposed on all sides, and much of its import may be complied with, by the plain answer "*in the amount usually supposed, or any near approach to such an amount, the Indians never had an existence.*"

"This is a bold assertion," says many, and unsupported by evidence it would really be, not only a bold, but rash assertion. Let us examine the evidence.

The European settlements commenced necessarily on or near the sea coast. The first was that of Virginia, 1607, and between that epoch and 1650, the English had colonised lower Virginia, and the eastern and southern parts of Massachusetts, Rhode-Island and Connecticut; the Dutch had planted a colony on the Hudson; the Swedes one on the Delaware; and the French were scattered along the St. Lawrence. Fifty years still later, the French planted a small and feeble colony on the Mississippi river, now Louisiana. And again, at the end of another half century, or in 1750, what was the condition of the immense interior regions, drained by the confluence of the mighty Mississippi? Thus answers the author of border warfare:

"As settlements extended from the sea shore, the Massawonees gradually retired; and when the white population reached the blue ridge of mountains, the valley between it and the Alleghany, was entirely uninhabited. This delightful region of country was then only used as a hunting ground, and as a highway for belligerent parties of different nations, in their military expeditions against each other. In consequence of the almost continued hostilities between the northern and southern Indians, these expeditions were very frequent, and tended somewhat to retard the settlement of the valley, and to render a residence in it, for sometime insecure and unpleasant. Between the Alleghany mountain's and the Ohio river, within the present limits of Virginia, there were some villages interspersed, inhabited by a small number of Indians; the most of whom retired north-west of that river, as the tide of emigration rolled towards it. Some, however, remained in the interior, after settlements began to be made in their vicinity.

"North of the present boundary of Virginia, and particularly near the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, (where Pittsburgh now stands,) and in the circumjacent

country, the Indians were more numerous, and their villages larger. In 1753, when General Washington visited the French posts on the Ohio, the spot which had been selected by the Ohio Company, as the site for a port, was occupied by Shingess, king of the Delawares; and other parts of the proximate country, were inhabited by Mingoes, and Shawanees. When the French were forced to abandon the position, which they had taken at the forks of Ohio, the greatest part of the adjacent tribes removed further west. So that when improvements were begun to be made in the wilderness of north western Virginia, (north western and western Pennsylvania also,) it had been almost entirely deserted by the natives; and excepting a few straggling hunters and warriors, who occasionally traversed it in quest of game, or of human beings on whom to wreak their vengeance, almost its only tenants were beasts of the forest."

The following tabular statement, is formed on the information afforded by the best authorities on the subject, and shows, as far as correct, the state of the Indian tribes west of the main spine of the Alleghany mountains on the Ohio valley and adjacent places, at about 1755.

<i>Monnees, Senecas, Cayugas and Senoones</i> , residing on Alleghany and Susquehanna rivers, and intermediate country to lake Ontario, . . .	1380
<i>Delawares</i> , residing on Big Beaver, Cayahoga, and Muskingum, . . .	600
<i>Shawanees</i> , residing on Muskingum and Sciota rivers, . . .	300
<i>Chippewas</i> , near Michilimakinak, . . .	400
<i>Cakunnawagos</i> , residing on Sandusky river, . . .	300
<i>Wyandots</i> , on Maumee river, . . .	250
<i>Twightwees</i> , residing also on Maumee, . . .	250
<i>Miamies</i> , on Miami river, . . .	300
<i>Ottawas</i> , in Michigan towards Detroit, . . .	250
<i>Ottawas</i> , in Michigan towards Michilimakinak, . . .	250
<i>Chickasaws</i> , on the western part of what is now the state of Tennessee, and northern of Mississippi, . . .	750
<i>Cherokees</i> , western part of North Carolina, and adjacent parts, . . .	2,500
Tribes scattering, . . .	1,000
Total, . . .	8,830

It strikes us now with utter astonishment, and to those who have received former accounts on credit and without severe examination, such an exhibition must appear as a tax on their credulity, but on the opposite side of the question to exaggeration. Yet I must venture to assume as fact, that if to the above aggregate we add the whole tribes of Creeks, Choctaws, and every other tribe from the Canadian lakes, to the gulf of Mexico, and as far west as the Meridian of St. Louis, there did not, in 1775, exist along this lengthened region an Indian population of 30,000 souls. The space exceeds an area of 450,000 square miles, or upwards of 15 square miles to every human being.

In no other instance, in all human affairs, was that profound metaphysical truth, that "*words are things*," more completely proven, than in the history of the Indians of the Ohio and Mississippi region. The pompous title of *nation*, and when using the term, the idea of nation rose in the mind, though it was given to mere tribes,

and what was worse, diminutive tribes. From the first landing of the English at Jamestown, up to the treaty of Greenville, indeed we may say up to 1834, entire peace has never existed along the whole frontier line; the Indians have foreseen their ruin; have attempted confederacies, and yet, have never at any moment been able to assemble an army of 2000 men; and why?—simply because such a body would have in their state of population, demanded the entire males, of a space of country equal to Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia taken together. As the whites advanced, cut down the forests, and let daylight fall upon the earth, the Indians disappeared, as phantoms disappear before the rising sun. To render the preceding observations more striking, let us take a map of the United States, and on it draw a line through the city of Albany, to Lynchburg in Virginia, then continue the same line in both directions, and one extreme will fall on the Gulf of Mexico, a little to the westward of the mouth of Appalachicola river, and the other, after traversing the southern part of Vermont, and the northern of New Hampshire, will leave the United States in the upper part of Maine.

If on the preceding supposed line, we take Martinsville, Henry county, Virginia, as a point of outset, and proceed to the north-east, we would leave all the dense settlements of the then (1775) Anglo-North America colonies to the right or towards the ocean. On the opposite side, in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and Vermont, scattering settlements had been made within the preceding forty years, but receding from the line of demarcation, the settlements became more and more scattered, until along the western ridges of the Appalachian mountains, Pittsburgh and a few other forts marked the utmost frontiers.

Returning again to Martinsville, and following our projected line in a south-westward direction, we would in 1775, have found a few settlements to our right in North Carolina, some in South Carolina, and in Georgia still fewer on that side, and before reaching the Mexican Gulf, plunge into an unbroken Indian country.

If we again suppose a second line drawn parallel to, and one hundred and fifty miles direct air course north-west of the first, the second line would on the Gulf of Mexico, leave the mouth of Mobile river, pass near Knoxville in Tennessee, traverse eastern Kentucky and western Virginia, within from ten to forty miles from Ohio river; enter Pennsylvania near the south-western angles, pass near Pittsburgh, and traversing western Pennsylvania, and western New York, merge into lake Ontario, a little west of the mouth of Oswego river, but after crossing the eastern angle of that lake, then follow the general course of the St. Lawrence, to north lat. 45°.

The parallelogram between those lines include, in the United States a length of 1200 miles, which with a breadth of 150 miles, would comprise 180,000 square miles, and the far greater part of the Appalachian region, and a region there is no hazard in asserting, having in every thing which can conduce to human happiness, no superior continuous section on the

surface of the earth. The existing civilized population in 1834, is no doubt underrated at 3,500,000, and as little doubt would have been exaggerated by an estimate of one twentieth part of the number, sixty years past.

The southern part of this parallelogram was then, 1775, occupied by the Cherokees and Muskogeas or Creeks; the northern by the Senecas, and other scattering tribes, but the central and far greater part of the surface was a dark, gloomy, and silent void; in regard to human civilization, and what was peculiarly remarkable, appears never to have been the permanent residence of Indian tribes. It was, as we have said, a fearful void in respect to intellectual life and improvement, but nature literally luxuriated, in both animal and vegetable productions. The buffalo, deer, elk, and other innocent creatures, had to contend with the various tribes of the feline and canine races, and with the bear. I entered this parallel in 1781, and several years afterwards, in western Pennsylvania and Virginia, have seen flocks of deer and turkey (*Meleagris Americana*), come frequently in sight of the houses, and heard the dismal howl of the wolf, in the very skirts of Washington in Pennsylvania. This may appear incredible to the generation now residing in that beautiful village, with a densely inhabited and well cultivated neighbourhood; but I can assure them of another fact, which still more strongly attests the then prevalence of the beasts of the forest. The lower part of Washington in its primitive state, was a very tangled thicket, and from that covert, I have heard the soul chilling scream of the panther, than which nature affords no other sound more piercing and appalling. The howling of the wolf is music when compared to the screams of a famished panther. Such were the commingled sounds which rendered still more dreadful by the yells of savage men, broke upon the deep solitude of the forests from the St. Lawrence to the Mexican gulf, within the life of thousands now living in happiness on its surface.

But at the interior verge of the great parallelogram we have drawn, we are still only entering the vast Ohio and Mississippi regions. Let us imagine a third line setting out from Michilimackinac, and passing through St. Louis, and continued to the north-western angle of Louisiana. The latter line is very nearly parallel to the two others, and only a few miles short of 400 to the north-west of the middle line. This interior parallelogram is also about 1200 miles in length, which at 380 miles wide, yields an area of 456,000 square miles, or something above two and a half fold more extensive than the preceding. This immense interior oblong comprises the heart of THE GREAT WEST, and contains the extreme western part of New York and Pennsylvania, three-fourths of Tennessee, two-thirds of Alabama, and half of Arkansas; about one-fourth of Missouri, and one half of Illinois, with all Louisiana, Mississippi, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, and now sustains an aggregate civilized population of at least 3,000,000; but which sixty years since, did not, from any document we can now procure, contain on its surface 30,000 human beings, savage and civilized.

It was not, however, the desolation which reigned over this vast surface, under which nature seemed to have concealed not only her richest but her accumulated treasures, which contributed most to arrest the attention of the very few reflecting whites, who penetrated into its recesses; no, the high problem was the character of the native people. This problem remains unsolved, nor do I come before the reader with a key in hand to unlock the mystery, but I come before the readers with plain facts. I must first, nevertheless, assume one postulate, that is, that MAN, is as much the subject of cultivation, as the ground he treads, with the difference, that MAN very tenaciously nourishes tares as well as wheat, and produces in preference, whichever has been first sown.

The scattered Indian tribes, had one feature in common, one trait of character, a thirst of vengeance, or in other words, war with them was still in its primitive state. Removed as they were in many other respects from the rudest savage state, in war they were unchanged, and unmitigated savages. What did the whites do to soften this ferocious spirit? What did the whites do to teach the savages the first lessons of humanity, mercy and protection to prisoners? These questions will be answered as we advance, most fearfully against the whites.

The statistical view here given, shows that in numbers, the Indians of the west were greatly overrated; and I now proceed to show, that their character, if not overrated, for indeed the contrary was the fact, it was most egregiously mistaken. The Indian has an abstracted contemplative air, which has been taken for stupidity or inattention. If the simple truth had been reflected on, that in civilized life, the deepest thinkers are persons who seem to look inward, the real character of the Indian would have been better understood. As far as their range of ideas extend, they think profoundly, and reflect with great discrimination.

"Their fierce and malignant passions," say some, "deprive the Indian of the benefits of his strong natural reason." True. Read the history of Europe, in all stages of the intellectual advance of its inhabitants; read the history of all the nations it contains, and compare human conduct with human conduct there in all ages, and then reproach the Indians, for sacrificing themselves and their enemies to the demon of vengeance.

Without indulging in epithets, or plunging into theories, we may carry our views backwards, and scan the fate of the Indian race, since the first Anglo-American colony set foot on the continent of North America to this hour. In Virginia, Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, and the Carolinas, in the primitive white settlements, a very different policy was pursued with the Indians, and yet, one result was produced in every one of these colonies—the Indians disappeared. Many tribes have utterly perished, and many remnants of other tribes attest still more strongly the melancholy fate of this race. The grave of the dead is less striking to our senses, or afflicting to our hearts, than is the

decrepit, shrivelled and trembling aspect of expiring nature.

In Europe, Ceres preceded Cadmus by many ages, and men were there taught to make bread before they were taught to write. In the Anglo-American colonies, missionaries were placed amongst the Indians in place of the plough, and in place of taming them by kindness, they were taught the use of fire arms. In words they were described as human beings; but in action treated as incorrigible beasts of prey. And this policy was in full force, about the middle of the last century, when settlements of the whites began to be formed west of the Alleghany, or main spine of the Appalachian system of Mountains. Without stopping in the course of our view, to speculate on the probable consequences of a different system of measures, we proceed to show the effects of those actually pursued.

Between about 1735 and 1750, the whites passed the Blue Ridge. Winchester in Virginia, is the oldest town in the great valley of the United States, between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany, and south-westward of the Susquehanna. It was a trading post as early as 1730, and gradually became a village, and long within my own recollection, remained the principal place with which the inhabitants on the upper Potomac, and Monongahela and branches, made their traffic. In the progress of settlement from the coast, and before wagons could, without very great difficulty, be conducted over the mountains, Winchester and Hagerstown became temporary, and at the period under our view, very important outposts and *entrepôts*.

I may be permitted to mention in this place, a hitherto unnoticed, but in my humble opinion, the greatest difficulty which opposed the settlement of *The West*; that was the enormous price, and indispensable necessary of human life, common culinary salt. Well do I remember when salt was from *five to ten* dollars per bushel, and when money was at least double its present value. This was also a burden of no momentary endurance, as it was but little abated for upwards of thirty years.

Though at far distant and separate points, from Wyoming in Pennsylvania, to Helston in south-western Virginia, settlements were made previously west of the main spine of the mountains, the real and decisive era of that great interior colonization dates in 1759, when Robert Dinwiddie came over as Governor of Virginia. With this great man, for he well deserves the title, came John Stuart, and three of his step children; one John Paul, who died on the eastern shore of Maryland, as a Roman Catholic priest; the second, Audley Paul, a British colonial officer; and their sister Mary, afterwards the wife of Col. George Mathews.

The principal circumstance, however, which gave not alone a national but a universal importance to the administration of Governor Dinwiddie, was, that it brought on the stage of human action, one of those men who change permanently the destinies of whole nations. George Washington, third son of Augustine Washington, a planter of Westmoreland county, Virginia, was, when Robert Dinwiddie assumed the government of Virginia, in his twentieth year.

Though a youth in years, this truly extraordinary production of nature, or of a power above nature, was then mature in intellect far beyond what ordinary men ever reach, and had already commenced his military career, against the very people whose history is our theme.

That smothered fire of the civilized world, the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, covered up, or in diplomatic language signed, April 30th, 1748, "had," in the language of an elegant and profound historian, "extinguished a devouring flame with one hand, and with the other, collected combustible materials. Nothing more was wanting but the death of the king of Spain, [Ferdinand VI.] to revive war and its consequences in Europe, and the least spark could re-kindle war between France and Great Britain, on account of their limits in Canada, which had been left undetermined by vague expressions in the former treaties."*

War was not indeed to be re-kindled in the central region of North America; war, and in its most terrific form, had never ceased on that "bloody ground." Here I must anticipate events, and in the language of a most influential actor, depict the spirit of the times. This actor was the Rev. Samuel Davis, in his late years president of Princeton College. This strong minded man, tinctured, however, all the pulpit influence he possessed, with the deep animosity of an Englishman against the French, and of course coupled them and their Indian allies under one unsparing censure. In a sermon preached on the 17th of August, 1755, to Captain Overton's Independent company of volunteers, raised in Hanover county Virginia, the following language is used from the text:

2 Sam. x. 12.—Be of good courage and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God: and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.

"An hundred years of peace and liberty in such a world as this, is a very unusual thing; and yet our country has been the happy spot, that has been distinguished with such a long series of blessings with little or no interruption. Our situation (Virginia,) in the middle of the British colonies, and our separation from the French, *those eternal enemies of liberty and Britain*, on the one side by the west Atlantic, and on the other by a long ridge of mountains, and a wide extended wilderness, have for many years been a barrier to us; and while other nations have been involved in war, we have not been alarmed with the sound of the trumpet, nor seen garments rolled in blood.

"But now the scene is changed; now we begin to experience in our turn, the fate of the nations of the earth. Our territories are invaded by the power and perfidy of France: our frontiers ravaged by merciless savages, and our fellow subjects, they are murdered with all the horrid arts of Indian and Popish torture. Our general,† unfortunately is fallen; an army of thirteen hundred choice men routed, our fine train of

artillery taken, and all this, (oh mortifying thought!) all this by four or five hundred dastardly, insidious barbarians!

"These calamities have not come upon us without warning, we were long ago apprized of the ambitious schemes of our enemies, and their motions to carry them into execution; and had we taken timely measures, they might have been crushed before they could have arrived at such a formidable height. But how have we generally behaved in such a critical time? Alas! our country has been sunk in a deep sleep: a stupid security has unmanned the inhabitants; they could not realize a danger at the distance of two or three hundred miles: they could not be persuaded, *that even French Papists*, could seriously design us an injury, and hence, little or nothing has been done for the defence of our country, in time, except by the compulsion of authority. And now, when the cloud thickens over our heads, and alarms every thoughtful mind with its near approach, multitudes, I am afraid, are still dissolved in careless security, or enervated with an effeminate, cowardly spirit.

"When the melancholy news first reached us, concerning the fate of our army, (under Braddock,) then we saw how natural it is for the presumptuous to fall into the opposite extreme of unmanly despondence and consternation; and how little men could do in such a panic, for their own defence. We have also suffered our poor fellow subjects in the frontier counties, to fall a helpless prey to blood-thirsty savages, without affording them proper assistance, which as members of the same body politic, they had a right to expect. They might as well have continued in a state of nature, as be united in society, if, in such a moment of extreme danger, they are left to shift for themselves. The bloody barbarians, have exercised on some of them, the most unnatural and leisurely tortures, and others, they have butchered in their beds, or in some unguarded hour. Can human nature bear the horror of the sight? See yonder! the hairy scalps clothed with gore! the mangled limbs; women ripped up! the heart and bowels still palpitating with life, and smoking on the ground! see the savages swilling their blood, and imbibing a more courageous fury with the human draught! Sure these are not men; they are not beasts of prey; they are something worse: they must be infernal furies in human shape. And have we tamely looked on, and suffered them to exercise these hellish barbarities upon our fellow men, our fellow subjects, our brethren. Alas, with what horror must we look upon ourselves, as being little better than accessories to their blood!

"And shall these savages go unchecked? shall Virginia incur the guilt, and the everlasting shame of tamely exchanging her liberty, her religion, and her all, for *arbitrary Gallic power, and for Popish slavery, tyranny and massacre?* Alas! are there none of her children, that enjoyed all the blessings of her peace, that will espouse her cause, and befriend her now in the time of her danger. Are Britons utterly degenerated by so short a remove from their mother-country? Is the spirit of patriotism entirely extinguished among us? And must I give thee up

* Paganel's Life of Frederic II. vol. I. p. 358.

† We shall see in the sequel, how very little Braddock deserves the poorest compliment that can be paid to the commander-in-chief of an army, in the face of an enemy.

for lost, O my country! and all that is included in that important word? Must I look upon thee as a conquered, enslaved province of France, and the range of Indian savages? My heart breaks at the thought. And must ye, our unhappy brethren in our frontiers, must ye stand the single barriers of a ravaged country, unassisted, unbefriended, unpitied? Alas! must I draw these shocking conclusions?

"No: I am agreeably checked by the happy, encouraging prospect now before me. Is it a pleasing dream? or do I really see a number of brave men, without the compulsion of authority, without at the prospect of gain, voluntarily associated in a company, to march over trackless mountains, the haunts of wild beasts, or fierce savages, into an hideous wilderness, to succour their helpless fellow subjects, and guard their country? Yes, gentlemen, I see you here upon this design; and were you all united to my heart, by the most endearing ties of nature or friendship, I could not wish to see you engaged in a nobler cause."

Never did as many words more completely express the moving principles of the times, nor was there ever another address more calculated to rouse the latent feelings of the colonists, and it did rouse them to action, and led on to consequences which were far from the prophetic foresight, and at the time of delivery of his sermon, as far from the wishes of Mr. Davis. But another paragraph of this same sermon, gained a most important historical and political consequence.

"Our continent," continues the fervent preacher, "is like to become the seat of war; and we for the future, (till sundry Europe nations that have planted colonies in it, have fixed their boundaries by the sword,) have no other way left to defend our rights and privileges. And has God been pleased to diffuse some sparks of the martial fire through our country? I hope he has: and though it has been almost extinguished by so long a peace, and a deluge of luxury and pleasure, now I hope it begins to kindle! and may I not produce you, my brethren, who are engaged in this expedition, as instances of it? Well, cherish it as a sacred fire, and

* This sermon was published not long after its delivery, and gained a sublime claim to historical record by the following note, appended to the sentence last quoted:

"As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public, that heroic youth, COL. WASHINGTON, whom I cannot but hope PROVIDENCE has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country."

Short of inspiration, a more remarkable sentence was never written, and if suggestions I have more than once heard, were well founded, and I am myself a convert to their soundness, then this note stands alone in literature, as the words which have had the most effect on the fate of human liberty.

The reader will pardon a personal anecdote on this subject. When residing near Natchez, in the summer of 1800, I got acquainted with an old man, whose name I regret to have forgotten. I found him very intelligent and fond of "fighting his battles over again," one day in conversation on the Revolutionary war, the old man broke from our immediate subject, and abruptly asked me the following question.

let the injuries done to your country, administer fuel to it: and kindle it in those breasts, where it has been hitherto smothered or inactive."*

These are the expressions of a messenger of peace, and not one quoted, is equal to others in the same collection in denunciations against the Indians and their French allies. That both parties entered on the conflict with feelings of unsparing vengeance, needs no farther proof. But how very different were the means of contest. On one side a rapidly increasing mass, with all the advantages of European science; and on the other, a few detached tribes of savages, which in the whole aggregate of persons of both sexes, fell short of ten thousand.

At this time when the Indians are crushed; when millions of whites reside in the immense regions, were once roamed the warrior hunter, and when new generations have risen, ought we not to scan the past without passion? If we place before us the cruelties of the Indian, ought we not also to place before us, what he has lost and what we have gained? If we scan the long protracted border warfare as military men, can we refuse the meed of admiration, for the prowess of a handful of naked warriors who maintained "A thirty years' War," with force and means so very inadequate, upon any principle of human calculation?

But we return to the direct object of this paper.

Even while in the hands of the French, a few English families had settled near Fort du Quene, now Pittsburg; and a body of men had been organised under the name of "Indian Traders," and no other body of men were ever of more sinister consequence to their number. Amenable to no law, or under the moral restraint of any principle sacred to man, with few exceptions, these traders were directly and indirectly ministers of blood.

"Do you know how George Washington came to be appointed Commander-in-chief of the continental army?"

Seeing me hesitating, he continued "I'll tell you," and springing to his feet with the activity of youth, went into his bed-room, and brought forth an old book, and opening it, proceeded; "Here are the sermons of Samuel Davis, and here is a sermon I heard preached, for I was myself one of Captain Overton's volunteer company. When some years afterwards, but long before the Revolution, I obtained this book, and was much struck myself with this note." He then read me the note, and proceeded, "Mr. Davis became President of Princeton College, and his sermons, of course became well known. Amongst many who remembered the note I have read was Dr. Witherspoon, who had much influence in Congress, when the appointment of Commander-in-chief was discussed; brought this very note forward, and decided the appointment in favour of George Washington."

Here the reader again will pardon reflection. The prediction contained to verify itself. If Mr. Davis could have foreseen the nature and extent of the services, Washington was preserved so signally to perform, it must be evident from other expressions in the same quotation, he would have started backward in terror, unless he could have foreseen also, an intire change in his own political and religious opinions.

* Sermons by Rev. Samuel Davis, vol. 5. pp. 213-220. Philadelphia edition, Carey & Son, 1818.

Overrating the value of the Indian trade, and to counteract the advance of the French, and to seize the traffic from private hands, the British government chartered the Ohio Company. Under this corporation, the first serious attempts were made by the English and the Anglo-American colonists to extend settlements to the Ohio. Their agents were watched, and circumvented by the traders, who were the real instigators of the French, seizing and fortifying the point where the Monongahela and Alleghany forms the Ohio, which was done in 1754.

So many and so conflicting have been the accounts and conjectures respecting the defeat of Braddock and the army he commanded in 1755, that the real causes have been lost in mist. As I am not confined to any regular plan of historical narration, the following is given as it was given to me.

In January 1824, I met the late James Ross, Esq. of western Pennsylvania, who I had known from my infancy. While recalling old scenes, the defeat of Braddock was mentioned. Mr. Ross observed, "I can on that subject relate what was related in my hearing, by the father of his country," and then proceeded.

"In that part of war, which consists in watching an enemy," observed General Washington, "the Indians are perfect, and that army commanded by Braddock, was watched carefully by Indian spies and some French soldiers trained to Indian manners. Independent of Indians, there were in Fort du Quesne, at the time no force which could with any probability of success, oppose the approaching British and Provincials, and the commandant had expressed the necessity of retreat, or surrender. By accident rather than design or concert, there was about the Fort, four or five hundred Indian warriors. Of the French garrison, one officer of inferior rank, who had been paymaster, strenuously urged, that for the honour of the French arms, some resistance ought to be made. This young man consulted the Indians, who volunteered to the number of about 400. With much difficulty, this hero obtained leave to lead out the Indians, and as many French to a certain limit, as chose to join the desperate enterprise. Of the French about 30 volunteered, and with these 420 men, the officer marched to meet more than three times the number.

"In the mean time every remonstrance made by Washington himself, and other colonial officers, for several others joined him, was met by insult, and Braddock advanced as if determined on destruction, was suffered to proceed just as far as their enemies desired, and defeat and death to near one half of the whole army, with their imprudent general, was the result.

"When the victory was reported to the commandant of Fort du Quesne, his transports knew no bounds, the young hero was received with open arms, loaded with the most extravagant honors, and in a few days, sent to report the event to the Governor General of Canada. But behold! when his despatches were opened, they consisted of the criminal charges of peculation in his office of paymaster, and other charges equally criminal. Under these charges this injured man was tried, broke, and ruined, and so the

matter rested, until in the revolutionary war, the subject of Braddock's defeat, happened to come into conversation between General Washington and the Marquis de La Fayette. In this conversation, the real facts were stated to La Fayette, who heard them with unqualified astonishment. But with his powerful sense of justice, determined to do all in his power to repair, what he considered a national act of cruelty and injustice; took careful notes, and on his return to France, had inquiries made, and the victim was found in a state of poverty and wretchedness, broken down by advancing years and unmerited obloquy. The affair was brought before the government of France, and as the real events were made manifest, the officer was restored to his rank and honors."

I do not pretend to have reported the exact words of Mr. Ross, but the facts as he stated them, I do vouch for, and as I have not the least doubt of their truth, am at much loss to determine which most deserves the meed of baseness of the two opposing Commanders-in-chief, outside and inside of Fort du Quesne in 1755.

Another fact I believe to be founded on truth. When I was removed by my parents to the neighbourhood, the popular report was, that Braddock received his mortal wound from a provincial militia-man of the name of Faussett. When my father was removing with his family to the west, one of the Faussetts kept a public house a few miles east of where Uniontown in Fayette county, then Beeson's town, stands. This man's house we lodged in, about the tenth of October 1781, twenty-six years and a few months after Braddock's defeat, and there it was made anything but a secret, that one of the family dealt the death-blow to the British General.

Thirteen years afterwards, I was at Thomas Gallagher's, in Fayette county, where I met an old man, one of the Faussett's in his 70th year, as he informed me. To him I put the plain question, and received the plain reply, "I did shoot him." He then went on to insist, that by doing so, he contributed to save what was left of the army. In brief, in my youth, I never either heard the fact of Faussett having shot Braddock, either doubted or blamed.

Leaving this minion of a corrupt court to his infamy, we may say with safety, that few defeats ever produced more disastrous consequences. The exertions made principally by the colony of Virginia, which then claimed the country, watered by the Monongahela to its mouth, and also the adjacent country, to raise troops to re-take possession, in conjunction with a force of British regulars, encouraged settlers. The defeat of the combined army, gave for three years, all that is now west Pennsylvania and west Virginia to the Indians, and exposed the new settlers to destruction; yet incredible as it may appear, even then settlers pressed into the fearful void, in which at every step the form of an Indian might be expected to burst from the brake, the minister of death or captivity.

As early as 1754, David Tygart, settled on the eastern branch of Monongahela, and gave name to that stream and the valley it waters. About the same time, a man of the name of Files, fixed